

THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 50—February 28, 1920

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Three-halfpence—Every Friday

Have You Seen  
My Magazine?

## HELP, PLEASE, IN THE NAME OF GOD

### KOLTCHAK WALKS OUT TO DIE

#### ONE MORE GREAT MAN GONE FROM RUSSIA

Rise and Fall and Doom of a  
Conqueror

#### LIKE A HUMAN METEOR

A human meteor has crashed to ruin  
and dissolution.

Less than a year ago Admiral Koltchak was supreme ruler of Siberia, an area of nearly five million square miles; he commanded a great and victorious army, and as he moved from point to point of the battle front he carried with him over 60 million pounds in gold. Today he lies in a nameless grave, shot like a felon.

It is a lamentable end to a brave and marvellous career. As a lieutenant Koltchak was an explorer, and accompanied Baron Toll, his leader, on a memorable expedition into the Arctic, when they found, far in the frozen Siberian sea, remains of mammoths and of the luxuriant trees on which the mammoths fed, frozen relics of rhinoceros, antelope, and tiger—all creatures of the tropics—dead where ice and silence now reign.

#### The Sword of Gold

And when the fearless Baron Toll, on a later expedition, went to his death, it was Koltchak who, in a tiny pinnace, went 1500 miles in the Arctic night to learn his fate.

In the war with Japan, Koltchak, in his destroyer, was one of the few Russians to keep his head and his ship at Port Arthur, and a sword of gold rewarded his vigilance and valour.

With the coming of the Great War, Koltchak, at 46, was promoted admiral, and was the paramount vitalising influence of the Russian navy. But the revolution brought mutiny there, as elsewhere. His sailors demanded his surrender and his sword. It was his gold sword, and rather than yield it up he risked his life and flung it, as King Arthur did, into the deep.

#### His Lost Army

He escaped to America and reached Siberia, where, supported by the Allies, he raised a great army to try to bring back peace to Russia. He swept irresistibly westward by victory on victory.

Then, unhappily, intending the best, he did the worst by dissolving all the local governing bodies and concentrating full power in his own hands. Siberia, if not ripe for self-government, could not be managed by a dictator. Dissension and treachery ruined his cause. His army became disorganised. The Bolsheviks crushed him in defeat after defeat, and his forces were dissolved.

Finally, on the fall of his stronghold, Irkutsk, he was handed over to a revolutionary committee, allies of the Bolsheviks, and imprisoned. There was a brief mock trial, and Koltchak was led out and shot like a malefactor.

### Now the Conqueror Lies Low



Koltchak is dead. For a year he has thrilled through the news with victory on victory, defeat on defeat, in Siberia. Now he lies low, shot like a dog. This picture shows him in the days when he was exploring in the Arctic, the happy days before the war.

Koltchak did not please everybody, and he had great enemies. There were even those who declared that his purpose was to destroy the Revolution and restore the Tsardom.

No friend of Russia and no friend of humanity would like to see that done. But Koltchak himself declared that

#### Like Browning's Patriot Koltchak Rose and Fell

It was roses, roses, all the way,  
With myrtle mixed in my path like mad;  
The house-roofs seemed to heave and sway,  
The church-spires flamed, such flags they had,

A year ago on this very day!

THE air broke into a mist with bells,  
The old walls rocked with the crowd  
and cries.

Had I said, "Good folk, mere noise repels—  
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"  
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"

ALACK, it was I who leaped at the sun  
To give it my loving friends to keep!  
Naught man could do have I left undone:  
And you see my harvest, what I reap  
This very day, now a year is run.

Russia is an appalling problem, but the tragedy of Koltchak, right or wrong though he may have been, is enough to touch a heart of stone.

all he fought for and prayed for was to save the land he loved and bring it back to quiet and civilisation and peace. He denied that he would bring back Tsardom. In any case, here was a man, and the thought of him seems to stir through every line of Robert Browning's famous poem, The Patriot. Here it is.

THERE'S nobody on the house-tops now—  
Just a palsied few at the windows set;  
For the best of the sight is, all allow,  
At the Shambles' Gate—or, better yet,  
By the very scaffold's foot, I trow.

I go in the rain, and, more than needs,  
A rope cuts both my wrists behind;  
And I think, by the feel, my forehead bleeds,  
For they fling, whoever has a mind,  
Stones at me for my year's misdeeds.

THUS I entered, and thus I go!  
In triumphs, people have dropped down dead.

"Paid by the world—what dost thou owe Me?" God might question: now, instead,  
'Tis God shall repay! I am safer so.

### SEAPLANE RUSHING TOWARDS NIAGARA

#### Pilot's Race with the Waters

#### THRILLING RESCUE ON AN ISLAND

Captain Wilcox, of the Royal Air Force, has had a touch-and-go escape from being the first man to be swept over Niagara in a flying machine.

He had been giving show flights on the river above the falls, when his engine went wrong, and compelled him to drop into the river at a point where it begins to run swiftly to the edge of the great falls, down which nothing can dash unbroken.

We know what Niagara is. The word in the Red Man's tongue means "Thunder of Waters," and it is well named, for the roar of the falls can be heard on a still night 40 miles away, while the trembling of the earth can be detected 15 miles away.

Almost a third of the way across from the American side, an island—Goat Island—comes to the edge of the falls, and you can cross to it by a bridge over the American branch of the descending river. That part of the fall edge is 1000 feet broad, and the plunge is 169 feet deep.

#### Refuge Among the Rapids

Beyond the island the companion fall is curved inward, and is called the Horse-Shoe Fall. It is 2640 feet wide along the rim, and the downward plunge of the water is 158 feet.

The waters thunder down, thinning into spray and vanishing in a still pool to come rushing up violently into a narrow gorge farther down the stream—the famous rapids in which Captain Webb was drowned.

The rapids above the fall are called the White Horse Rapids, and they slip smoothly down. Here it was that Captain Wilcox's seaplane was borne along while he tried in vain to rise.

But happily this part of the river has several small islands besides Goat Island, and on one of these the seaplane drifted, and lodged long enough for ropes to be flung to it, and for the pilot and his mechanic to be rescued.

Rarely have daring men had narrower escapes from terror and death.

### WILD ATLANTIC STORMS Cleaning the Lighthouse Window

Wild storms have been sweeping the North Atlantic, and dashing high its waters on the coast of Newfoundland.

At one of the lighthouses waves leaped to the height of 200 feet, and coated the reflector there with ice nine inches thick, so that the light was obscured, until the lighthouse keeper went outside and chopped the ice away.

The coast was strewn for many miles with fish flung up on the rocks.



## CATS, MICE, HORSES, DONKEYS

### TRUE STORIES OF THEIR PATIENT LIVES

#### The Cat That Found Its Old Home

#### ANOTHER CAT THAT KNOCKED AT THE DOOR

Contributed by Our Readers

We continue to receive many letters from our appreciative readers—fifty lie before us now—telling of the ways of their pet animals.

The reading of these letters is a great pleasure, because they show how the company of dumb animals makes children thoughtful and affectionate; but, of course, much to our regret, we cannot print them all. Many of them repeat cleverness of a kind that has been mentioned before.

One of our small friends writes: "My cat, Nigger, is as clever as the cats that have had their names in the paper, and I hope you will put him in." But if we were to tell of all the good cats that lift latches and knock at windows, climb trees to get into bedrooms, and say "good-morning" to the little folks they love, beg for food, lick their paws dipped in milk, and carry their kittens to cosy places, we should fill the paper with them, and have no room for other things.

We are very glad to hear of our friends' pets, but for *printing* we want accounts of the intelligence or kindness of animals that will extend our knowledge of what animals can do—something that is fresh as well as true.

#### HORSES THAT MANAGE THEMSELVES

A Middlesbrough girl-reader thus describes the habits of two horses, Boxer and Captain.

Every afternoon the farmer turns them out of the stable while he cleans it, and they gallop across the yard into a small field where there is a pond at which they get their drink.

Of course they have a bite or two of grass and rub against the fence as well as a good drink. By this time the stable is about clean, but the farmer does not fetch them. They know when it is time they should go back, and back through the yard they trot, one of them going into the stable while the other waits till the farmer is ready for him.

#### PUSSY AND THE HEDGEHOG

A small Fulham reader says:

My cat is a rather funny one. When it was born its eyes were open, and so they are crossed. I also have a hedgehog. The first night we had it it was rolled up in a ball, so we put it by the fire.

Then pussy curled round it. When we went to touch it she protected it, and scratched at us, as if to say, "You mustn't touch it; it belongs to me!"

#### TOMMY-IN-THE-BOX

A Lancashire girl describes her tortoise.

We kept Tommy in a wooden box under the stairs for two winters, and when spring came we put him out on a small patch of grass.

On warm days we could see him walking across the garden path as fast as he could go, but when it was a bit colder everything of him was hidden except his shell. But if we brought him in and put him on the hearthrug he would soon feel the warmth, and would lift his head up for you to rub it.

#### BLACKIE'S WAY TO THE OLD HOME

A Reigate correspondent writes:

My sister found a starved black cat, which we took in and called Blackie. In the house Blackie always sat on a three-legged stool.

For two years we lived in a house that had railway lines close behind the garden in which Blackie played. Then we moved about a mile away, taking Blackie with us.

The cat would always try to follow us about, and one day followed us until we lost him, near some railway lines.

Though we inquired everywhere we heard no more of him for three weeks, when my father heard from a gentleman who lived near our old home that a stray black cat was sharing food with his own cat till an owner could be found.

So my father went to see if it was Blackie. The moment the cat saw my father it came to him, walked round him, purring, and would not leave him. And when he brought him home Blackie at once jumped, purring and mewling, on the three-legged stool.

Evidently, on being lost, he had recognised the railway, and followed it to his old home.

#### DONKEY THAT CAME HOME

A Cheshire reader, who sends these notes of her cat and her donkey, thinks animals learn from each other by imitation, even when they are not of the same species.

We have a black spaniel which we taught to beg. When the old cat saw the dog was getting dainties by sitting up she started begging, too. Every kitten the cat has knows how to beg.

We have a donkey 21 years old. A few years ago we lent it to some friends who live six miles away; but in the depth of winter, when the roads looked quite different, it found its way back, and one morning returned to our field.

#### MICE AND THE MILK BOX

Writing from near Huddersfield, a reader tells of his mice.

I saw one of my mice leap one day about six inches on to a ledge, and so, after a few weeks of gentle training, I taught it to leap on my shoulder from a distance of eighteen inches.

I love to watch my mice eat linseed, of which they are very fond. They pick up a single grain, sit on their haunches, skilfully crack off the outer husk, and then eat the kernel!

Having to leave them a few days at Christmas, I gave them biscuit and some linseed with their usual pot of milk, and more milk in a grease-proof box.

When I returned I found they had drunk as much milk as they could reach, and then had nibbled away a piece like a V down one side of the box, so that they could reach the rest of the milk. They always kept the nibbled part of the box level with the top of the milk.

#### CAT THAT COMES TO BED

A Plumstead boy writes with nice feeling:

When I was five I was given a cat as a birthday present, and I have now had him eight years.

In the early mornings he will climb to the scullery roof, and from there jump to my bedroom window sill.

If the window is open at the bottom he will jump in. If it is open only at the top he will stand on his hind feet and pull it down till he can jump in, and then he will have a game on my bed.

#### DO MICE LOVE MUSIC?

A Welsh correspondent says:

I do not know whether musical taste is general in mice, but one day, when my sister was playing the piano softly, she heard a squeak and a pattering of little feet in the wainscoting, and, looking round, saw two harvest mice emerge from a small hole.

She went on playing, and they crept farther and farther into the room, seemingly entranced. When she stopped they appeared to be quite at a loss, and it was only when she stood up that they darted back to their hole.

#### THE CAT'S DOOR-KNOCKER

A number of readers have sent us accounts of how cats learn to attract attention by sounds which they do not make naturally. Here is an instance by a Dorsetshire reader:

Inside the larder door of our house hangs a hose-pipe, with one end of iron.

One day our cat Smuts was accidentally shut in the larder. After a little while a loud bumping was heard inside the door. On going to see what it was we found Smuts sitting on a box and pulling the hose-pipe to him with his paw, and then letting it swing back with a bump against the door.

Whenever he is shut in he makes this noise with the hose-pipe.

## NIBBLING AT THE CHILDREN'S CHARTER

### A Bad Sign of the Times

#### GIVE THE CHILD ITS CHANCE

There are signs in many parts of the country that Mr. Fisher's Education Act, the Children's Charter, is being nibbled at all round to keep children at work. Even the London County Council is giving way to those who cry out for school children as wage-earners.

There are plenty of grown-up people to do all the world's work, if all of them who can work will work. What is needed for the child, and for the nation through the child, is that it shall grow up healthy, strong, and good, and be fully prepared to take up the world's work. But putting the child too soon to fritter away its strength on odds-and-ends of work that lead to nothing is bad for it and for the nation, and for all.

It is saddening to see that even Education Committees often do not observe these plain truths. Teachers see them. The leaders of the Labour Party see them. All who have thought long about education see them. The doctors see them. Let all who do see them make clear to Mr. Fisher that they are his supporters against the shortsightedness that would stunt the young growths which will be the future British race.

## CAN WE GROW SUGAR?

### Troubles of the Farmers Who Tried

#### NEED FOR GOVERNMENT HELP

The article expressing surprise that beet-sugar is not grown in England has brought us some interesting letters.

A Lincolnshire farmer clears the farmers generally of blame. He points out that 15 years ago the farmers of his county organised a scheme for manufacturing sugar, and scores of farmers bound themselves to grow: certain acres of beet if the scheme were carried out.

But, at the time, Germany was giving the German producer a heavy bounty on exported sugar, and the English Government placed a duty on all sugar, and refused to take the duty off home-grown sugar. The farmers found they could not pay the duty on home-grown sugar and at the same time compete with the bounty and duty on foreign sugar, so, after twice pressing the Government to give them a fair chance and being twice refused, they gave up the enterprise.

Under these circumstances the fault of failure, he contends, was not theirs.

Another correspondent describes a sugar-making attempt by Dutch and Austrian manufacturers at Cantley.

What is clear is that there has never been a united national effort between growers, manufacturers, and the Government, working in sympathy, to establish firmly a national industry. It is time that such an attempt was made.

## RICH AMERICA

### Her Share of World Wealth

The war has made America amazingly rich, and these few figures show how wonderfully well she is equipped for the great contest for trade supremacy among the nations. America produces:

- 20 per cent. of the world's gold
- 25 per cent. of its wheat
- 40 per cent. of its iron and steel
- 40 per cent. of its silver
- 50 per cent. of zinc and aluminium
- 60 per cent. of its cotton
- 66 per cent. of its oil
- 75 per cent. of its maize

With such resources, seeing that she has seven per cent. of the world's people and none per cent. of its alcohol for drinking, America may well look forward to a rapid run to the top of the ladder.

## SLESVIG GOES HOME

### FIRST GREAT ACT OF SELF-DETERMINATION

#### Province Stolen by Prussia Returns to Denmark

#### THE TRIUMPH OF RIGHT

By Our Political Correspondent

It is so easy to pick holes in the Treaty of Peace that there is a danger that we may be blind to the many features of the Treaty that are very good.

The first of these good provisions to come actually true is that Slesvig, torn from Denmark by Prussia and Austria in 1864, has been able to vote itself back into Denmark.

The Treaty of Peace accepts the rule that civilised races shall decide by their own vote how they will be governed in the future if their government is affected by the results of the war, and if it came under the survey of the Peace Council, and Slesvig has had the honour of giving the first decision.

#### Thieves Fall Out

In the war of 1864, by which Denmark lost Slesvig, Denmark was not free from blame. Between Slesvig and Prussia was the province of Holstein, and in both Slesvig and Holstein the population was mixed—partly Danish and partly German. The Danes tried to put pressure on Holstein to make it wholly Danish, but the Holsteiners thought they would have greater trade advantages by being linked with Germany.

There is no doubt the Holsteiners leaned at that time to Germany; and at last Prussia and Austria interfered on their behalf, and not only took Holstein from Denmark, but also Slesvig, where the feeling was Danish.

Austria seized Holstein and Prussia seized Slesvig, neither having any right to the part of the country they acquired. Then they quarrelled about their thefts, chiefly because they were violently jealous of each other, and when a war followed in 1866, Prussia seized Holstein and united it with Slesvig as a Prussian province.

For more than 55 years, Slesvig, with a population chiefly Danish in blood, has been held as a part of Prussia, and now its people have had the chance of voting whether they will remain in Germany or return to Denmark.

People outside could not tell how the voting would end. British and French soldiers were sent to occupy the country during the elections, and see fair play. And this is the result:

For rejoining Denmark	74,887
For remaining in Germany	25,223

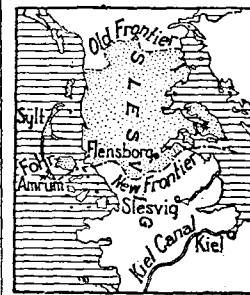
Majority for Denmark 49,664

That is to say, out of each four voters three were for Denmark, and so the children go back home to the motherland.

#### Cradle of the Anglo-Saxons

It shales in the wonderful way how blood and kinship will tell and memory of race never die. Germany has done everything she could conceive to Germanise North Slesvig, but, though she has held all the power and tried to people the country, the Dane survives in the proportion of three to one.

It is worth remembering that from this part of Denmark came many of the Angles, Jutes, and Saxons, who formed the Saxon population of England and Southern Scotland, so that this just application of the principle of self-determination has occurred in one of the cradles of the British race. The holding-on power of the race seems to continue whether it crosses to Great Britain or remains in Slesvig.





## TRIUMPH AND DISASTER

### Chapter of the Great Flight THE MEDITERRANEAN LEAP

The unhappy crash of the Silver Queen, which has come to grief through water leakage 540 miles from Cairo, ought not to cause us to overlook the wonderful beginning of the journey of that aeroplane when it made the first leap across the Mediterranean from Italy to Africa, and did it in 14 hours by night in a fierce gale, ending with only enough petrol on board to last another hour.

The springing-off place in Italy was Taranto, and the landing place in Africa was Sollum, just east of Tripoli, and within the Egyptian Protectorate. The route led across the outlet of the Adriatic Sea, over the westward coast and islands of Greece, over Crete, and then right over the open Mediterranean.

All the way down the coast of Greece, and over the far-famed Greek islands, a great storm was blowing, sometimes actually drifting the plane backwards, and always causing her to labour heavily.

The pilot, notwithstanding the strain of the journey, found himself scarcely able to keep awake, and only did so by striking himself in the face.

The storm continued until the open sea was reached beyond Crete, and when the day dawned no land was in sight; but half an hour later the coast of Tripoli could be discerned in the far distance.

Then the question arose whether the petrol would hold out while the desert was crossed to Sollum. The determination was to go on, and the descent was safely made at Sollum, after a journey only two hours shorter than that of Alcock and Brown across the Atlantic.

Between Sollum and Cairo the unfavourable weather continued, and the airmen were dazed and deaf when they had fought their way through the enemy storms to the Egyptian capital.

It would be a pity if the crash of the Silver Queen eclipsed her splendid start from Europe when she leapt the Mediterranean in one stormy night.

## DISCOVERING AFRICA

### First Men with a Bird's-Eye View ANCIENT VOLCANO SEEN

The great scientific flight across Africa from Cairo to the Cape has been very unfortunate. Several times the aeroplane has had to descend owing to engine trouble, and, after coming down in a swamp about 1300 miles from Cairo, it was compelled to return to a previous stopping-place for repairs.

One of the most striking results of the flight has been the discovery of an extensive volcanic area never before seen. There were many extinct craters and signs of great flows of lava, but apparently the volcanoes had not been active for thousands of years. Strange that such an ancient wonder should be left unknown until discovered by a flying man!

These airmen are able for the first time to obtain a bird's-eye view of the great African continent, for hitherto travellers have been confined to the earth, and the dense forests and jungles have prevented them from seeing more than a few yards in any direction.

Very little of the interior of Africa has been surveyed, and the broad views the airmen have obtained will be of great geographical value.

### Pronunciations in this Paper

Brunei	Broo-ni
Correggio	Kor-rej-ee-oh
Durazzo	Du-rat-zo
Elytra	El-ee-trah
Holstein	Hol-stine
Kazan	Kah-zahn
Oregon	Or-ee-gon
Quichuan	Kee-choo-ahn

## We Sit and See Our Dream Come True THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS BEGINS ITS WORK

### How the Kings Looked Down on the Eight Plain Men who Sit on the Thrones of the People

#### PARLIAMENT OF MAN DAWNS IN THE CAPITAL OF THE EMPIRE

Long, long ago there came to Lord Tennyson the dream of the day

When the war drum throbs no longer,  
And the battle-flags are furled  
In the Parliament of Man,  
The Federation of the World.

It is pleasant to dream dreams; it would be pleasant to dream them if they never came true, but the greatest dreams men ever dreamed have all come true, or will come true.

*A day or two ago I left the office of the Children's Newspaper, took a taxi for a mile or so, and walked into the Parliament of Man.*

Tennyson was coming true, and it all seemed so simple. Do you remember that scene in Abraham Lincoln which Mr. John Drinkwater has so finely imagined? Lincoln is at G.H.Q. in that thrilling moment when a message comes asking for an Armistice. The Civil War is over. Abraham Lincoln shuts his eyes and is still, and then he says to General Grant, in words that sound like tears: "For four years life has been but the hope of this moment. It is strange how simple it is when it comes."

#### In the Tudor Room

That is the way the world goes. We dream and dream, and work and work, we watch and pray as the years roll by, and in the end it all comes true so quietly that we can hardly believe the past that we have lived through.

We walked through a few great rooms hung with the tapestries and armour of a bygone age, and we came into the splendid Picture Gallery of St. James's Palace. There may have been about two hundred people there, sitting on chairs of red and gold, or round red tables; and as noon was striking the old Tudor room was like a Tower of Babel with its chattering tongues, for everybody was talking with everybody else in whatever language came most easily to all concerned. There was a President of the French Senate talking excitedly to Mr. Balfour. There was the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs talking to an Ambassador of Brazil, and there was Lord Aberdeen jumping up to shake some great man's hand. There were Greeks and Norwegians and Swiss, a Senator from Italy and Ambassadors from Spain and Japan. How one wished they could have talked the tongue that Shakespeare spoke!

#### The Eight Plain Men

But soon the babel ended, and Mr. Balfour took the chair. Around him at the long red table sat seven members of the Council of the League of Nations. A plain and unimpressive sight it was, with none of the pageantry of kings about it; but that long red table was one of the hopes of the world, for those eight men around it were the beginning of the Parliament of Man, and the work that they had met to do was nothing smaller than the Federation of the World.

It was the first time the League had met with a programme of international work, and, as little things about great events are always interesting, it may

be put on record here—lest anybody else should think of it—that the first words spoken at this first public session of the Parliament of Man were when Mr. Balfour, looking to the end of the room, said: "I think that door had better be shut." Then he said that nobody could exaggerate the good that may come to all mankind from this League of Nations.

#### First Great Achievement

M. Léon Bourgeois, the member for France, spoke in French for half an hour, and moved a resolution forming an International Court of Justice, and this was carried. Just the nodding of eight heads, and the end of an age of dreaming and toiling and talking had come; and one of the greatest institutions ever set up came into being.

From about a dozen countries are selected a group of the acutest legal minds the world can produce, and it is hoped they will all agree to sit as judges in the new International Court. With such a court in existence there would have been no difficulty about the trial of the Kaiser. Laws will be made for all possible cases, and national disputes will come to this court to be settled exactly as other disputes come to an ordinary court.

So the great work of the International Parliament began, the Council sitting in private to discuss affairs, and in public to agree to their decisions. They fixed up small committees to frame great measures for the health of the world, for making trade and travel easy, and for other purposes.

#### Those Who Looked Down

The kings and queens of England looked down from the walls of the great Tudor gallery, and one wondered what they would have thought could they have seen and heard. Our royal Bluebeard, Henry the Eighth, presided above the chairman, looking down with an air of great wonder, as if he were thinking what a change had come since he threatened to cut off the heads of his Ministers if they did not pass his Bills. The craven James the First was there; and Charles Stuart, looking very handsome, gazed down as if he were saying, "What stuff and nonsense is this?" And then came Charles the Second, our royal profligate, and it made us tired as we looked up at him to think that creatures such as he have sat on thrones.

Thanks be to God and to a long line of His servants on the earth, such men rule us no more, for the Parliament of Man has come, and beyond the dark shadows of these days another day is dawning, the light is breaking through, and all will yet be well. A. M.

#### TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE

The Mint needs new machinery to turn out sufficient bronze coinage to meet the present demand. Where the coins go is a mystery. During the last six years the Mint has produced 4643 tons of pennies, 944 tons of half-pennies, and 223 of farthings, worth £2,500,000.

#### THE GRAMOPHONE CRAZE

There never was such a demand for gramophones and records as now. One firm is making a million records a week.

## VANISHING MOONS OF JUPITER

### EVENTS SEEN WHEN THEY ARE OVER

#### How We Know the Heavenly News is True

#### NEXT WEEK'S ECLIPSE

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

How can we be sure, the astronomer is often asked, that the wonderful things we are told about the far-off worlds are true?

Now the most conclusive evidence is the precision with which astronomers foretell things that are going to happen hundreds of millions of miles away and often years ahead. If their knowledge were not accurate these happenings would not occur when predicted.

For instance, next Tuesday night Jupiter's second moon, Europa, will be eclipsed by Jupiter, and on Thursday the first moon, Io, and the third moon, Ganymede, will also be eclipsed by him. *They will be hidden, not by Jupiter, but by his shadow.*

#### Moons Coming and Going

Astronomers have known for years the exact time to the minute that this was going to take place, and it will occur exactly as it is predicted. There are some eclipses of Jupiter's moons every week, and the many thousands of predictions that have been made of them are always correct.

In an astronomical telescope it is always a most interesting sight to see the bright spot of light begin to dim, and then, in less than a minute, suddenly vanish. Or, as at 3.18 next Friday morning, when a faint speck of light will suddenly appear in the dark sky near Jupiter, then rapidly brighten until, in less than a minute, Ganymede will emerge from the eclipse.

#### The Puzzle of the Eclipse

We know, in consequence of this, that both Jupiter and his moons shine by light reflected from the Sun, and not by Jupiter's own light; if Jupiter shone by his own light his moons would never be eclipsed.

Now, although astronomers know the precise time when next an eclipse should occur, it never does so, for the moons gradually get late. Then the eclipses start getting too early, until they are back to their old time.

All this greatly puzzled astronomers a few centuries ago, until there came the eminent Danish astronomer, Roemer, who studied them and found out that the eclipses got later as Jupiter got farther from us. Jupiter, for instance, will be at his farthest from us next August, when he will be nearly 180 million miles more distant than now, and the eclipses will then appear about 16 minutes later than at present.

#### A Great Discovery

This was what Roemer found out in 1675, and his most wonderful explanation of the cause was that the eclipses were not actually late at all, that they always occurred punctually, but that the light took time to travel across space, so that when Jupiter was beyond the far side of the Earth's orbit, and 185 million miles farther off, the light had a much longer distance to travel. Consequently we did not see the eclipse take place until 16 minutes later.

In this way the amazing fact was revealed that we never see anything happen in the heavens at the time it actually occurs. At present we see the eclipses of Jupiter's moons about 35 minutes after they take place, while next August our view of them will be about 50 minutes after the event.

Thus was the velocity of light discovered. It was rejected as incredible by most astronomers of that time, and so poor Roemer did not live to see his explanation adopted by science. G. F. M.



## YEAR'S EXTRA DAY STORY OF TOMORROW

Making the Almanac Fit the  
Moving Universe

### LEAP YEAR AND THE REASON WHY

Tomorrow is February 29, and many boys and girls will have a birthday who have not had one for four years. Why is it that this year, and nearly every fourth year, are leap years, with a February of 29 days instead of 28?

To understand this we must go back a long way. The ancient Jews and Greeks reckoned the year as consisting of twelve lunar months, that is, twelve periods of 29½ days, reckoned from one new moon to the next.

But this gave only 354 days to the year, and after a long period it was found that the seasons were getting wrong and did not correspond with the months. To set the matter right, therefore, an extra month was added from time to time.

The Romans, too, had difficulties. In the earliest times they had a year of ten months, beginning with March and ending with December. Then they added two new months, January and February.

#### Spinning out the Year

But after a time the year had become wrong, and needed adjustment, and this matter was put into the hands of the chief priest. He, however, often used his power for wrong purposes, and when his friends held the office of tax-gatherer he would prolong the year so that they could collect taxes longer. At other times, to suit his purpose, he would shorten the year.

In this way the calendar became very wrong, and by the time Julius Caesar was made pontiff Spring actually fell in the summer months. He therefore undertook a reformation of the calendar, one of the greatest things he ever did.

#### Where Caesar Went Wrong

He made the year 46 B.C. to consist of 445 days in order to get the seasons right, and then he ordered each succeeding year to be 365 days, with an added day every fourth year, as the real year in which the earth goes round the sun is about 365¼ days. Caesar also made other alterations, and named the month of July in honour of himself.

Now, while Julius Caesar reckoned the year as 365¼ days, it is really 11 minutes and a few seconds less. In the course of centuries, therefore, the calendar became ten days wrong, and in 1582 Pope Gregory XIII issued a decree in which he cancelled ten days by calling October 5 October 15. To prevent errors occurring again he also ordained that three leap years every four centuries should be ordinary years.

#### Give Us Back Our Eleven Days

Generally speaking, a year that divides by four without a remainder is a leap year, but the years which end the centuries—that is, years with two noughts at the end—are leap years only when they will divide by 400 without a remainder. Thus, 1900 was not a leap year, but 2000 will be; 2100, 2200, 2300 will be ordinary years, but 2400 will be a leap year, and so on. In this way the sun and the almanac are kept level.

The Gregorian Calendar, as it is called, was followed in all Roman Catholic countries in 1582, but it was adopted in Britain only in 1752, when we were eleven days wrong, and in Russia it has only recently been adopted.

In England, when the change was made, there was a great cry among the people for the eleven days they imagined to have been taken from them. "Give us back our eleven days," they cried.

All the difficulties that have arisen have been due to the fact that the almanac, which is man's means of recording time, has had to be finely adjusted to coincide with the moving universe of which the earth forms a part.

Exactly why leap years are so called is not known.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Gathered by



A proposal is being revived to join the Isle of Wight to the mainland by a railway tunnel.

A negro who was born a slave, and has just died in Ohio, is said to have been 128 years old.

A fruit-grower in Oregon has grown an apple, looking rather like a banana, which has no seeds of any kind.

Up to now £250,000,000 has been realised by the sale of munitions and other material left at the end of the war.

#### America Ahead in Kinemas

The United States has 20,000 picture theatres as against 3600 in Britain.

#### He Can Open Any Door

A prisoner charged with opening his cell door and escaping said, when arrested: "I can open any door."

#### 350,000 Soldiers Out of Work

Houses cannot be built fast enough owing to lack of labour, yet 350,000 discharged soldiers are still unemployed.

### COMPANION OF THE C.N. Following the Flag

The Children's Newspaper looks out upon the world from week to week, but there are many great things with which it cannot deal; nor can it publish all the glorious pictures that illustrate the progress of the world.

My Magazine, its monthly companion, carries the spirit of this paper wherever the English tongue is spoken; it follows the flag wherever it flies.

It is filled month by month with stirring and beautiful and wonderful things; there is no magazine like it anywhere, and it is read with equal delight by young and old.

To any C.N. reader who does not know My Magazine the Editor will gladly send a copy free if requested by postcard.

#### Found At Last

The will of a centenarian who died in 1836 has just been found in the roof of an outhouse at Chertsey. It is dated 1780.

#### A Multitude of Chickens

30,000 chickens a week are being hatched in electric incubators at Artesia, California, in the largest electric hatchery in the world.

#### Germany's Submarines

In the last year of the war Germany built 81 new submarines and lost 81. In all, she built 372 U-boats, of which 203 were destroyed.

#### London's Pigeons

In connection with the prosecution of a man who killed pigeons in London's open spaces, the law has decided that these pigeons are tame birds, not wild.

#### The Best Place for It

America will have nothing to do with the Drink Traffic. In Los Angeles, California, 33,000 gallons of wine have been poured into the gutter, the law forbidding its sale or export.

#### Cheerful to the End

A Hull man left instructions in his will for his family to play the piano eight days after his funeral for not less than fifteen minutes, as he wanted them to live cheerful lives, as he had done.

#### A Rare Event

A very rare event, the crowning of a king, is to take place this spring. The man to be crowned is King Carol of Rumania, and the ceremony will take place at Alba Julia, in Transylvania.

#### Children of Heroes

There are 690 children now in work-houses whose fathers died for their country in the war. Everybody agrees with Mr. Lloyd George that this is a disgrace. The children ought not to be there.

## STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA

### Story of Goodwin Sands MAN WHO WAS SWALLOWED BY AN EARTHQUAKE

There is a man at Deal who follows the age-old calling of his ancestors. He is a boatman, and he has inherited, not only the family occupation, but the family archives. Among them he has just discovered an old wallet which contained a death certificate and an account of the burial of the person mentioned.

The funeral was of one Francis Humphry Meredith, whose body, in March, 1751, was taken from London to Deal, as directed by his will, and, enclosed in a shell of lead and a wooden coffin, was rowed out to the Goodwin Sands, and then buried. Meredith evidently expected that his remains would lie for ever undisturbed. But the late Sir William Crookes discovered that the Goodwin Sands are of two sorts: soft, rounded grains which yield and swallow, and sharp, angular sands which knit together and do not yield.

#### Sea Gives Up Its Dead

Meredith's body must have been laid amid the unyielding sands, for there is a sequel to the story. Six weeks after the strange burial, Captain Wyrek Pietersen, when sailing 18 miles off the North Foreland, was amazed to see a coffin floating in the sea. He took it aboard, and found from the inscription on the name plate that it was the coffin supposed to have been buried on the Goodwins.

The kind-hearted seaman carried it to Hamburg, and there had it reburied.

This romance recalls another, which concerns the burial of Matthew Lewis, an author, who forsook the company of the Prince Regent, Byron, Scott, Hazlitt, and other celebrities of the age, to go out and better the lot of the slaves on the Jamaican estates which he had inherited. On the way home he died, and he was buried at sea. Then something as fantastic as anything in fiction occurred.

#### Strange Craft Sails Away

As the coffin was lowered into the water, the winding-sheet in which it was enveloped was caught by the breeze and raised as a sail. And so, with the shroud lifted and nodding in the wind, away the coffin floated towards the setting sun.

Something more surprising still is told on a tombstone in Jamaica, which Lewis would see there during his visit.

It describes an incident in the career of a man named Galdy, a resident, who "in the great earthquake, 1672, was swallowed up, and by the wonderful providence of God, by a second shock was thrown out into the sea, where he continued swimming until he was taken up by a boat, and thus miraculously preserved." He lived and died in Jamaica, and was buried there in September, 1737, at the age of 80.

## CRADLES OF LIFE

### Doubling the Produce of an Acre

A national institute for the study of botany is to be founded at Cambridge, where all manner of experiments with seeds will be carried out.

How important it is for us to study seeds, the wonderful cradles of life, may be gathered from the fact that today we get twice as much corn from an acre of land as we used to get a hundred years ago, and many times as much as we got in the Middle Ages.

This wonderful result has been brought about by selecting the seed, and sowing with good corn. In the same way Continental farmers have produced more and more sugar from beetroots.

The National Institute of Agricultural Botany will be the first of its kind in England, and will be a great step towards making England rich.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

### CRUEL LAWS OF THE BAD OLD DAYS

Tsar Who Freed the Serfs

### POET WHO HEARD THE CHILDREN'S CRY

- Feb. 29. Rossini, Italian composer, born Pesaro 1792
- March 1. Sir Samuel Romilly born in London . . . 1757
- 2. John Wesley died in London . . . . . 1791
- 3. Emancipation of serfs in Russia . . . . . 1861
- 4. Forth Bridge opened . . . . . 1890
- 5. Correggio, artist, died at Modena . . . . . 1534
- 6. Mrs. Browning born in County Durham . . 1806

#### Samuel Romilly

THE name of Sir Samuel Romilly should be kept before the eyes of every generation of British people for ever, for to him, more than any man, is due our escape as a nation from the cruel laws that condemned people to death for small offences.

Romilly's father was an East-end watchmaker, of Huguenot descent. The boy rose to be a lawyer and Solicitor-General. He was shocked by the thought that there were 200 offences for which an Englishman might be hanged, and for many years he tried in Parliament to alter the laws which could be used so wickedly. But he only partly succeeded, though hosts of people in every part of Europe sympathised with him in his work as a reformer.

His arguments for kindness and justice bore fruit, however, after his death, in 1818; and in this milder age we should honour his memory the more because in his lifetime he was so often disappointed while acting as the champion of a great cause.

#### The Men with Downcast Heads

THE serfs of Russia, when emancipated by Tsar Alexander in 1861, were not slaves in the sense of belonging to anyone, except indirectly. They belonged to the land where they were born, and, through their settlement on the land, were bound to the landowner.

They could not leave the estate on which they were born without permission, and therefore they were not free to engage in trade. They were obliged to give a portion of their labours to the service of the landowner, and for their own living they cultivated a share of land which belonged to them, not individually, but jointly as a community. The effect of serfdom was to make the population remain fixed locally, and unable to do any work except farming.

Fifty years after the abolition of serfdom in Russia, its depressing effects could still be seen in the working men walking with downcast heads in the gutter instead of on the city pavements. They continued fast bound in humility by habit, though not by Russian law.

#### Elizabeth Barrett Browning

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING will always remain in the foremost rank of Englishwomen, for she is the one woman who has deserved and gained eminence as an English poet, though many have been popular.

She is, too, the one instance of a poet of renown who has married a poet of renown, her husband, Robert Browning, being a greater poet than herself.

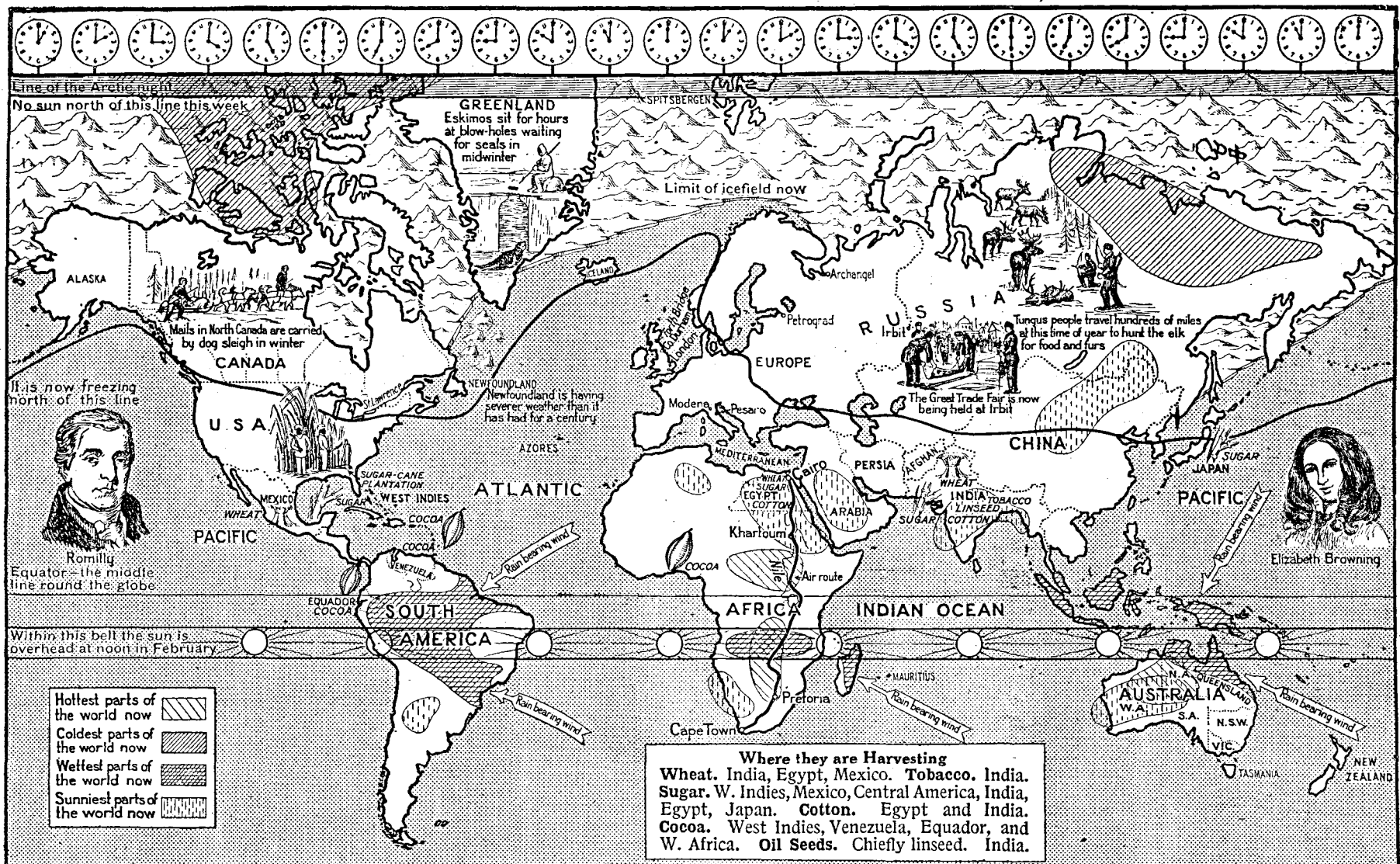
Her happy marriage was a romance. When young she was a brilliant scholar and an active out-of-door girl, but she injured her spine, and became an invalid till she was forty. Then Robert Browning married her and carried her off to Italy, where she lived in better health till her death, in 1861, at 54.

In a series of beautiful sonnets which she pretended to have translated from the Portuguese, but did not, for they are original, she described the love she had for her husband.

Mrs. Browning helped greatly, by her stirring and terrible poem on "The Cry of the Children," to make English people ashamed of working little children in factories, as they were worked in her earlier years.



## PICTURE-NEWS &amp; TIME MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING WEATHER &amp; HARVESTS



## WHO WILL WRITE TO ZULULAND?

## A Chance for Schools

From Mr. Wade, the headmaster of the Government school of Gingindhlovu, in Zululand, we have received this letter.

We are a small school in an out-of-the-way place, but wish to keep in touch with our fellows, enter into their lives, and give them an insight into ours.

For these reasons we want to correspond with schools in other parts of the Empire. Can you help us? If we should receive too many replies we will pass some of them on to other schools.

The children in these distant parts of the Empire have little conception of the lives their fellow children live, and without that knowledge how can true fellowship exist?

The men of the Empire now have the fellowship of the battlefield, and how can this be perpetuated better than by the fellowship of their children through the schools?

We feel sure there will be a response from a sufficient number of schools for Mr. Wade to circulate the letters of British children to all the schools in Zululand, and to other parts of the Province of Natal.

The letters needed are such as will tell the children of the thinly-peopled parts of the great Union of South Africa how British children spend their time, and what the homeland is like. It will be like laying a stone in the League of Nations to send our letters to Zululand.

## IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

The following prices have lately been given in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A short-horn bull	£6930
Marshall Foch's motor-car	£2960
Fourteen Chippendale chairs	£1123
An edition of Shakespeare	£950
A mahogany bookcase	£810
An emerald ring	£640
An ivory carving	£483
A table of Louis XV's time	£346
An inlaid card-table	£288

## HOW TO LIVE TO BE 100

## By the Men Who Know

A book written by Sir Hermann Weber, who lived to 97, has just been revised by his son, and in it we are told that, of a hundred people who lived to between 86 and 102, not more than six had habitually indulged to excess in eating and drinking. "Work, moderation, and contentedness are the main sources of happiness and long life."

Mr. Edison, the world's greatest inventor, has told us the same thing. He was once asked what was necessary to success in life. "Two per cent. of genius and 98 per cent. of hard work," he said. "Do you take alcohol to help you in your work?" "Never; I've a better use for my brain than to poison it with alcohol. To put alcohol in the human brain is like putting sand in the engine; it stops the running."

## HOW TO GET TIRED

## The Unideal Home

At the Daily Mail Ideal Home Exhibition an expert described a badly built house in which a girl had to walk 350 feet to get tea, ten times as far as she need have walked.

The staircases in such a house, the expert said, were equivalent to a steep hill 80 yards long, and the weight of stuff that had to be carried upstairs and down again every week was over a ton.

## THE LARGEST GEM

The largest gem in the world is now thought to be a black opal found in Nevada. It is a quarter the size of an ordinary brick, and weighs over 2500 carats. The Cullinan diamond weighs more than this, as diamonds are nearly twice as heavy as opals, but the Nevada stone is half as big again.

## REMNANTS OF THE WAR

## What is Done With Them

The ending of the war left the army with hundreds of thousands of tons of stores that were no longer of any use. They are now being sold for conversion into other things that are useful in times of peace. Here are some of the changes that are taking place.

Anti-gas rattles, used to warn the soldiers that a gas attack was beginning, are being used for scaring birds.

Rifle-clips make supports for stair-roads.

Gas-cylinders serve as conservatory stoves.

The handles of ammunition boxes do well on the heavier kind of bags for ladies.

Dog-chains are used to chain up boats.

Gas fans for clearing the trenches clear the bad air out of cinemas.

Rubber gloves are useful to electrical workers, and

3,000,000 jars will hold ink and disinfectants instead of rum.

These are but a few samples of transformations numbered by the hundred.

## CATCHING A BIRD ON THE WING

## Famous Man Who Did It

There is a story in the new number of My Magazine telling how Francis Chantrey, the donkey-boy who set up a great gallery of national art treasures, killed two birds on the wing with one shot and a hare and rabbit with another.

Those readers of ours who have caught two fishes on one hook, or one fish on two hooks, will be interested in Chantrey's feat; but what seems to us even more interesting, and not nearly so unkind, is that story of the famous man—we forget his name—who said the cleverest thing he ever did was to catch with his hand a bird on the wing.

How many people, we wonder, can claim to have done that?

## SAVING THE RACE FROM PAIN

## A New Conquest

The temporary conquering of pain is being rapidly advanced.

Some of the earlier pain-banishers were dangerous to the patient, though they benumbed the place that without their use would have been hurt; but the new anaesthetics are not dangerous, and are more completely master of pain.

One of them, popularly known as apothesine, will, it is said, give a patient such relief from pain that he can laugh while an operation is being performed.

The conquest of pain, allowing relief of suffering by the surgeon's knife, is one of the most splendid triumphs of human knowledge, giving ease to those who need it most when they need it most, and yet, not very long ago, there were good people so wicked in their thoughts about the great Father of men that they objected to easing pain, because they fancied God was less kind than His children. They did not understand that it is His plan that we shall find knowledge for ourselves.

## ALL ABOUT THE WEATHER

METEOROLOGY FOR ALL. By Donald W. Horner. Witherby. 6s. net.

Nothing is talked of so much as the weather, yet few of us know exactly how the weather is studied by meteorologists. The process is explained in this little book, which, fully illustrated, tells us about the instruments men use in weather study—barometers, anemometers, thermometers, hygrometers, and rain gauges—and shows how the wind is recorded, and how charts are made. There is also a chapter on the weather as it affects flying.

It is an attractive book, not too difficult, on an ever-old and ever-new subject that no one can afford to neglect.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 28 1920



## NOTHING TO EAT

IF you could have stopped the Great War, what would you not have given to stop it?

You could not stop the war, but you can help to stop the saddest thing the Great War left behind it—the sight of the little children of Vienna dying of hunger, one by one.

They shiver with cold and shrink for want of food until their very bones cry out, for they lie like living skeletons, and the wood that should be burned to keep them warm must be saved to make their coffins.

Do you know what it is to cry for bread in vain, to see a mother weeping and her children perish for the food that none can give?

Can you think what it is to have no boots to wear, to wait all night in the snow, in a long queue of shivering people, to buy a cheap pair for £7 10s.?

Do you know what it is to have been rich and to come to a hovel, to starve by day and shiver by night, praying that the Angel of Death may not be long before he comes to save you?

Oh, a bitter, bitter thing is hunger; and Vienna is starving.

She has the finest streets in Europe. Her towers and domes rise glittering to the sky. Her galleries are hung with priceless pictures. Her empty throne has been the seat of power through centuries that have rolled away. All the travelling world has wandered through her streets; all the world that stays at home has loved the art and music of Vienna.

*But now her streets are corridors for coffins to pass through, and her music is a funeral bell.*

Will you not help, you who are happy in our Victory?

Never in all the long, long story of the world did little children suffer so; never in all that long story could the help of children count so much.

Dear, happy children of our Island Home, help, please, in the name of God.

ARTHUR MEE



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world

## For a Landlord

IF the landlord who defended the condition of his houses by telling a London magistrate that soot is good for the health of the tenants will call at this office, we shall be glad to give him a plate of soot soup.

## A Post Office Problem

ONE of the greatest wrongs done to children in the old days was that they were frequently put in what we call "blind-alley" occupations: that is to say, in an occupation leading to nowhere. The Post Office was one of the worst offenders with its messenger-boys, but the evil was abolished before the war broke out.

Now it is creeping in again with the Post Office messenger-girls, of whom there are thousands. They carry telegrams till they reach 18, when the Post Office has no work for them to do, and their precious years of training have been wasted.

It would be a capital thing if some of the bright brains now wasted on fiddling regulations at St. Martin's could be set to solve this problem.

## The Running Tap

YOU can never trace the end of a bit of carelessness. For weeks an important office has been waiting for something it can hardly do without, and on the day it should have been delivered there came, instead, the news that it would be perhaps three weeks more, because a girl had left a tap running one night at the top of a building, so that three floors were flooded the next morning.

Nobody knows who the girl was, just as nobody knows whose brain it was in the War Office that sent out sand to Egypt and timber to the Siberian forests; but these careless people should be compelled to receive some Government decoration.

## The Men and the Guns

CAN anybody be very much surprised that the men who have come home from France should throw those German memorial guns into the river, as they have done at one place in Lancashire?

It is not a very brilliant idea to set up in our midst these things that have blown our men to bits and made millions of our children orphans, and we suggest that all these guns should be melted down and made into something useful before the Government seizes them all for the Chamber of Horrors it is getting together under the name of the Imperial War Museum.

## Exceeding All

LONG life's a lovely thing to know,  
With lovely health and wealth,  
forsooth,  
And lovely name and fame. But O,  
The loveliness of Youth!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

## Mr. Edison Does Something New

MR. EDISON has invented a new way of making money. He was standing the other night listening to the Salvation Army in, the open air, and when the collection was asked for, Mr. Edison went round with his hat in one hand and a tambourine in the other.

We may be sure he filled them both. Mr. Henry Ford was there, and the naturalist poet, John Burroughs; and we like to think of Mr. Ford dropping a motor-car into Mr. Edison's hat, and of John Burroughs dropping a few of his words of gold into the tambourine.

There have been many attempts to make collections popular, and the Salvation Army seems to have found the best of all.

## Tip-Cat

A BOWLING enthusiast believes that if Russia had had more bowling clubs it would have had no Bolshevism. But would Bolshevism have been much better?

A LABOUR CABINET: The work-box.

ECONOMICAL wear for men who can no longer afford to buy clothes: A coat of paint.

MR. ASQUITH had a big fight at Paisley, yet he had nothing but a mouth-organ.

MEN of letters: Bee-keepers.

At the head of the musical profession: The hat-band.

A MAN who gets the wind up: The organ-blower.

A NEWSPAPER headline

speaks of "a novel fire in a dock." It is to be hoped it was all fiction.

THE German mark is now hardly visible.

WHEN the public has died of starvation, Capital and Labour will have had all their trouble for nothing.

## The Hero on the Map

THAT is an excellent suggestion which has been made concerning German East Africa. It must have a new name, and somebody asks: Why not Livingstonia?

The League of Nations has a great opportunity to make geography interesting. There is nothing more thrilling than a map, if only we understand it. There is nothing like the names of heroes for stirring our minds.

Put the heroes on the maps; let our Drakes and Raleighs and Livingstones look out from the atlas, and there need be no more dull geography.

## A Tea-shop Adventure

By Our Country Girl in Town

THERE was a sob, and then a voice: "I haven't a soul in the world!" My friend looked up from her book. She works hard for her living, and is poor; this was her half-holiday, and she was taking lunch in a tea-shop before going out to the suburbs for the rest of the day.

There, gazing at her from the opposite side of the table, like a frightened rabbit, sat a beautiful girl, 16 or 17 years of age, very neatly dressed and bearing no outward marks of poverty.

Her story was told over a good meal provided by my friend, who, as I have said, works for her living and is poor.

When her parents died, said the girl, she went to live with Grannie; when Grannie died she went to work at munitions; when the war ended she went to work at a laundry; and when the laundry died, as it soon did of bankruptcy, she made herself a velveteen dress and two changes of underclothes, and came to London to seek her fortune.

Oh, those terrible first days in London! The rapacious landlady, the man who followed her on a dark night and forced her by fear to give him money, and, worst thing of all, the agony of mind and body as she tramped the streets hopeless and hungry, seeking work!

And now she was friendless, almost penniless, and work was as far away as ever.

Well, my friend took this wail in hand, gave up the half-holiday to her needs, and, after ringing-up and calling on half the charities in London all in vain, she thought of the Salvation Army. It was a desperate last hope. If this failed there would be nothing but to take her home.

"Why," said the gentle woman who was called an Ensign and looked like a kind mother, "I think God must have sent you to us. I want just such a girl like you to help us in the hostel"; and she took the weeping child into her arms.

Wasn't that a perfectly splendid half-holiday for my friend?

## The Pigeons of St. Paul's

By Our Country Girl

THERE is a shop near St. Paul's where there are tables and chairs and dishes of jam-tarts, and a smell of hot coffee.

Yet the chief customers eat off the pavement, and from children's hands. If you order coffee at this shop you will see half a dozen buying "biscuits for the pigeons" before you finish your cup.

"Oh, yes!" said my waitress, smiling. "The pigeons are our best customers; you might say they keep us."

I like to think of those waitresses going home at night, one to an old mother, another to a baby, another to the lodgings where she is saving up to get married; but all of them to a place they call home, and to a fire, and pictures of their friends, and a good bed all provided by the pigeons of St. Paul's!

## A Prayer for St. Dunstan's

GRACIOUS Father, wise Creator,  
Hear our prayer for all the Blind.

BLESS them in their souls and bodies,  
Cheer them by their fireside;  
At St. Dunstan's, where they labour,  
May their toil be sanctified.

TILL the morning light returneth,  
Till has passed Earth's little day;  
In their joy and in their sorrow,  
Be their shelter and their stay.



## A LITTLE BABY'S HEAVEN

### SNATCHING THEM FROM STARVATION IN VIENNA

Oasis of Happiness in the City of Despair

#### WHO WILL SAVE THE LITTLE ONES?

By Our Special Correspondent in Vienna

During the last mile of my walk to the Home for Infants and Mothers, I passed dozens of weary wood-carriers trudging back to Vienna, bent under loads of wood that seemed far beyond their strength.

It was a pitiful sight—a purgatory of weariness and pain. And when I entered into the beautiful white Home for Infants, I felt as if I had passed from purgatory into paradise. Here everything was spotless and fresh; one might hunt all day to find a single speck of dust, and before Dr. Moll, the archangel who presides over this paradise, took me round, he made me don a white coat.

#### Indoors and Out

In beautiful little wards I saw a hundred happy little babies. Though many of them were ill, and some were only recovering from starvation, they were so warm and comfortable, and so well looked after by kind nurses, that during the whole round I never heard a cry or a whimper. When the babies required special warmth little frames were put over them and electric lamps in the frames were lit to give the necessary heat. What a contrast! Outside in the muddy streets, half-starved, cold, tired men and women bowed under cruel burdens; inside all was light and sweetness and warmth.

Not only were the happy babies tended by kind and specially trained nurses, not only had they a famous doctor to treat them, but thirty of them had their own mothers with them in the home. If ever I am born again, and have a second babyhood, I hope that some kind person will send me to Dr. Moll's home, and that Dr. Moll will still be there.

#### Dr. Moll's Big Family

Most of the babies are the children of poor parents—perhaps the children of the men and women I saw in the street—and they are taken free or for a nominal sum; but a few are children of people comparatively well-off. One was pointed out to me as the grand-daughter of a former mayor of Vienna.

After we had finished our round, Dr. Moll showed me pictures of various children who had come in as piteous spectacles, and had, under treatment, become fine, healthy babies.

Not only does Dr. Moll look after all these happy babies, but in another part of the building he gives advice to all the mothers who bring babies to him. I was lucky enough to see that part of his work too. The babies are weighed and carefully examined, and the mothers are told exactly what to do. Alas! most of the babies were very thin and ill-looking, and some of them had rickets, and most of the mothers were emaciated, for only the very rich can get enough to eat in Vienna now, when even an egg costs five to eight shillings.

It seems very hard that, just when a mother should be full of happiness in the possession of a baby, she should have to face starvation, and should have not only to starve herself, but to see her child starve.

Hunger, day after day, week after week, month after month, must be a terrible thing to face, and even more terrible must it be to see a beautiful baby wasting away. The women were kindly, patient, and refined, and were plainly devoted to the babies. It made my heart ache, and I said to Dr. Moll, "This is too terrible. Something must be done." Judge of my gladness when he said, "Something is being done. Every week I send eighteen hundred of these poor mothers to one of the Friends' Distribution Depôts, and there they receive 'love-gifts' of food and clothing to help them to fight the famine."

would not an English girl like to come to the rescue of a little boy baby?

That is Dr. Macfie's description of his visit to this children's home, and the Editor believes that thousands of happy boys and girls who read this paper will be moved by his appeal.

We can save these children in a great multitude; we who are happy and have enough to eat can share our happiness with these little ones in time to snatch them from the grave. Every shilling we spare now will help to bring back life to some shrinking, shivering child. Every pound we spare today may be worth ten pounds spared tomorrow.

## THE CHILDREN OF THE STARVING CITY



The Parliament House in the starving city of Vienna



Distributing food cards to the cold and hungry children of Vienna

When I came here a few weeks ago the Friends had only four depôts for the distribution of "love-gifts"; now there are ten, and soon there will be twenty. But money and food and garments are urgently needed, and I hope thousands and hundreds of thousands of English boys and girls will come to the rescue of the children in Vienna.

Would not an English boy like to pay for the "keep" of a little Viennese girl baby in Dr. Moll's home, and see a photograph of her, showing how thin and ill the little girl was before the gallant English boy came to the rescue, and another photograph showing how fat and well she became under Dr. Moll's care? And

No expenses will be charged on these subscriptions, which will be turned into food and goods and sent immediately to Vienna, so that your share in the great work of saving life will begin to tell at once.

For the sake of simplicity it has been decided to count the fund in shillings. Will you, in your charity, send one shilling, 10 shillings, 100 shillings, or 1000 shillings to save these starving little ones?

Subscriptions should be addressed to C.N. Appeal,

Save the Children Fund,  
McLean Buildings, New Street Square,  
London, E.C. 4.

They will all be acknowledged in these columns as they are received.

Who Saves a Little Child Lays a Stone in the Kingdom of Heaven

## ALLELUIA

### THE VOICE OF A RACE THAT IS FREE

Ukrainia Sings the Anthem of the New Age

#### GREAT CHOIR IN LONDON

By an Old Chorister

London, to which all wonders come in time, has been listening to the anthem of the New Age, the song of the Ukrainian choir. Lady Aberdeen introduced them to us at Westminster, and they have been singing their way from hall to hall, these liberated people of an ancient land. And what singing it is!

Ukrainia became an independent republic with the fall of the Tsardom, and she forthwith burst into song, a song of praise for deliverance from long bondage, joyous songs acclaiming the dawn of freedom, and thanksgiving for the opening of a national life redeemed from oppression and tyranny.

Russian autocracy would not let the peasants sing, lest their heroic lays should fire them to overthrow the tyrants. Some of the numbers we have been listening to from the Ukrainian choir are 1100 years old; and the thought came, slightly to vary Keats:

The songs I hear this passing night were heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown.

But they were long silent in public, silent for centuries, yet sung in secrecy in slave homes, and passed on, unwritten, from age to age.

#### Singing the Songs of Old

It was startling to remember, as we listened to their singing, that these women and girls in white frocks, these men in conventional evening dress, may have been the children of people born slaves, who, up to 1861, could be sold like carts and cattle, in families, in communities, singly or in thousands. This is how the advertisements ran in Russia then:

FOR sale with this house, a coachman and a Dutch cow and calf.

To be sold: three coachmen, and two girls, the one 18 and the other 15 years of age, both of them good-looking, and well acquainted with housework. In the same house are for sale two hairdressers, also pianos and organs.

So ran the advertisements in Russian papers, and these singers may descend from those slaves or from their owners.

But now Ukrainia is free, and she has established choirs everywhere to sing her old hymns, carols, folk songs, and national anthem. It is her National Choir that has come to us, and we have not had such singing in England before. Like melodious lions are these Ukrainians, their souls stirred with the music of a new-found liberty.

#### The Voice of the Thunder

We have as good sopranos, contraltos, and tenors in England, yet even in grand opera ours do not sing together as these Ukrainians do. But the basses are a creation apart. We have read and dreamed of these men, the basses of the Russian cathedrals and churches, crashing out their double C's; and here they are, excelling all expectation.

They imitate the great deep bass viol and the deepest diapason of the organ; they startle and fascinate with their mimicry of the thunderstorm.

The choir is to be with us till the middle of March; we shall want it until the middle of the Millennium. It is the great anthem of the New Age they sing, these emancipated children of an emancipated land.

E. A. B.



## WHAT KILLED THE CAT?

### The Mad Hatter on Worry CARE IS A FOOL THAT HAS COME TO TOWN

By Our Correspondent in Wonderland

I came across the Mad Hatter just now, and he was singing at the top of his voice:

Care is a Fool that has come to town  
All rigged up in a monk's black gown.

He went on shouting these words with such vehemence that I thought he must presently explode.

Curiously, the lilt of the words, or the way in which he sang them, caught hold of me, and I began to sing them too. There we were, like a couple of lunatics, shouting out these monosyllables at the top of our voices when up came the Queen of Hearts, and in another minute the three of us were screaming to all the inhabitants of Wonderland:

Care is a Fool that has come to town  
All rigged up in a monk's black gown.

At last the Mad Hatter held up his hand, and when silence fell upon us he demanded, in a gasping voice, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow:

"What killed the Cat?"

"Worry," said the Queen.

She had grown purple in the face.

#### Her Husband

"And what is worry?" demanded the Hatter, beginning to mop his brow.

"My husband, for one thing."

"Perhaps," said the Hatter, "I had better recite to you the rest of my new poem. I feel it is destined to become a classic. I am convinced that it will save the lives of innumerable cats and deliver all future generations of children from the disease of worry."

Here the Hatter mounted a chair and recited his poem:

CARE is a Fool that has come to town  
All rigged up in a monk's black gown;  
He looks so wise, and he never tells  
That under his cloak are his cap and bells;  
He looks so grave with his eyes on the ground  
That he's taken for Prudence walking round;  
And thus does the Fool by his anxious face  
Diddle the whole of the human race;  
He cures no pain and he saves no ill,  
But the world runs after him, after him still;  
"Let's worry ourselves!" his victims cry,  
And they wrinkle their brows, and they moan and sigh,  
And they worry and worry until they die,  
Fooled by a Fool who has come to town  
All rigged up in a monk's black gown.

#### The Boy's View

"Of course," said the Queen, "we all admit it is difficult not to worry."

"That's what the boy said," smiled the Hatter.

"What boy?" snapped the Queen.

"I'm sure I never heard of him."

"He came sobbing towards me yesterday afternoon," narrated the Hatter, "with his face tied up in red flannel and one side of it the size of a football. What sort of a lollipop have you got in there? I asked, and gave the cheek a poke with my finger. It ain't a lollipop, he sobbed; it's the toothache. Well, cheer up, my lad, said I; worry won't cure you. Who said it would? he demanded, and told me if I poked his cheek again he'd do something desperate to my nose, or my hat—I forget which. I said to him, My lovely boy, ask yourself whether worry will make the swelling go down, or take the pain away, or fill the aching cavity; will it, or will it not? He said, It won't. Then, I said, why

worry? He answered, I can't help it; it's part of the toothache."

"Well," said the Queen, "that's partly true and partly untrue."

"Another fellow came running up to me this morning," continued the Hatter, "and shouted out that his house was burnt to the ground. Why worry? I asked. At that he stamped his foot, grabbed his hair, grew purple in the face, and shouted out, You don't understand, stupid! My house is burnt to the ground! Why worry? I repeated. At this he seized me by the collar, shook me till I felt he meant to take me three times a day after meals, and again stated that his house was burnt to the ground, adding that he was not insured. I said once more, Why worry? At last he got hold of it. You should have seen him! That fellow's face blazed up with joy, he burst out laughing, he executed a wonderful dance, he started to whistle, he turned a back somersault, and, after shaking both my hands for ten minutes, he went off completely cured."

#### At the Harmonium

The Queen said: "I can tell a similar tale. Last Thursday as ever was the Cook dropped my baby in the saucepan and put the salt beef in the cradle. When the mistake was discovered poor baby was nearly blinded with pepper, besides being three-parts boiled, and the dog had gone off with the silver-side. I was so worried that I very nearly told the Cook that if such a thing happened again I might possibly have to consider the remote possibility of giving her notice."

I emitted a low whistle.

"Yes," said the Queen, "I was so worried as all that. But, pulling myself together in the nick of time, I said to the Cook, Why worry? And then we sat down to the harmonium and sang:

WHEREFORE worry, ladies dear?

Things are never what we fear;  
Mistress, you should always look  
On the bright side of your Cook.  
Cookie, you should view as jam  
All the tantrums of your Ma'am.  
Worry, worry, worry not;  
Worry never boiled a pot!"

"How do you distinguish," I inquired of the Hatter, "between useless worry and prudent care?"

"Ah," exclaimed the Hatter, "that's the point! When I reflect in order to act, I think; but when I think in order only to grumble or fear, I worry. Worry makes us bald. Worry robs us of appetite. Worry causes sleeplessness. Worry brings on dyspepsia. Worry kills. And the only medicine for Worry that's any good is, Don't."

"That's so," said the Queen. "And the lines in Shakespeare that nobody ever forgets are the words of Hamlet:

Nil desperandum, hi-ti-ti!  
Worry myself? Not I! Not I!"

#### GINEVRA

It seems as if the story of Ginevra had come true again.

In the poem that almost everybody knows Ginevra hid in a box, and the lid shut down, and she died undiscovered.

In the news this week it is suggested that a pedlar who died at Neath met his fate in the same way. His body was found in a box in which he had gone to sleep, and, the lid closing down upon him, he was suffocated.

#### STEEL HOUSES

The Ministry of Health has just approved of houses made of steel frames and metal sheets encased in concrete. In building, the roof can be put on before the walls are up, thus protecting the workmen from rain.

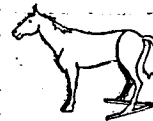
## INVENTIONS & IDEAS Things Just Patented

By Our Patent Office Expert

These inventions have been only just patented, and the Editor has no further information.

#### TOY ANIMALS TO STAND

The animals are made from two pieces of sheet material with a foldable strip to form a base for standing. The advantage of this method is, of course, that the toys can be packed away flat, so saving space.



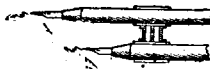
#### A JIGSAW GAME

A jigsaw turned into a game by having the picture made to fit into a box with holes, and with pins on the backs of the pieces to insert in the holes. The pieces are divided among the players, who have to insert as many pieces as possible during the spinning of a teetotum top.



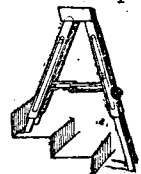
#### A DOUBLE PENHOLDER

An arrangement into which two pens or pencils can be fitted together and regulated so that there is equality of pressure and writing can be duplicated.



#### STEP-LADDER FOR THE STAIRS

This step-ladder is fitted with adjustable sliding extension pieces, so that the legs can be varied in length and the ladder made suitable for use on a staircase. This will be extremely useful in houses with lofty staircases where it has been difficult to dust the upper walls.



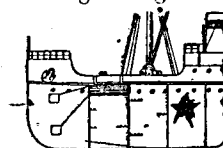
#### A COLLAPSIBLE CRADLE

A cradle consisting of two end pieces, with four bars to fit into sockets and fabric to cover the bars to make the sides of the cradle, which can be folded up into a very small space for packing away or moving.



#### PATCHES FOR SHIPS

Emergency repair patches for ships consisting of flexible webs of overlapping slats, something like Venetian blinds, mounted on movable rails running along the side of the ship,



so that they can be moved easily and put in position over a hole anywhere. Guy lines are secured to the side of the web, which has cables at the bottom to fix the patch. The cables go under the vessel and fix on the opposite side.

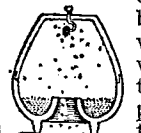
#### A NEW HAIRPIN

A hairpin with three shanks, the middle one being waved with crests to touch the side shanks. There is thus little chance of the pin being lost.



#### A BAITED FLY-TRAP

This has a trough for liquor, with a conical opening at the bottom. The upper part, which locks into the lower with a bayonet lock, can be taken off for emptying purposes, and at the top of the trap there is a hook on which any suitable bait can be placed.



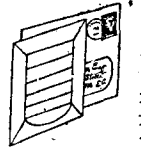
#### CURIOUS HAIR CURLER

Combs pivoted together, with an elastic attachment which, when pulled, draws them close together and thrusts them in alternate directions, thus crimping the hair which is caught in the teeth of the combs.



#### AN EVERLASTING ENVELOPE

In order that it may be used again and again, this envelope has a window on the address side so that the address can be read from a paper inside, and the gummed flap has successive divisions which can be stuck down in turn each time that it is used.



## THE FLAG IN AFRICA CIVILISING THE GREAT CONTINENT

### British Influence Among the Native Peoples

### PROSPERITY IN PLACE OF SLAVERY

Which is the most populous part of the British Empire next to India and Great Britain?

Probably not one British citizen in a hundred thousand could answer that question at once.

It is not Canada, nor Australia, nor South Africa, strong and splendid though they are because of the types of white men who live there.

The most populous and increasingly important part of the British Empire, after India, is the Protectorate of Nigeria, in West Africa; and next to it comes the Protectorate of Egypt.

Nigeria, which was formerly divided into Northern and Southern territories, but is now united in one great country under the same laws and government, has 17 million people, while Egypt and its adjacent lands under British control have about 12 million people. Canada numbers about eight millions, Australia six, and South Africa six.

#### Race of Many Tribes

Of course the Nigerian people, being of African race, divided into many tribes, and not far advanced in civilisation, do not count in the world's work in proportion to their numbers, but they are rapidly becoming more important.

This is shown by the value of the trade they do with the rest of the world. In 1900, when the country was united in one, the value of their yearly trade was about £3,500,000. In 1918 its value was £17,000,000, so that it has increased nearly five times over.

But trade value is not the most important result to judge by, though it is a sign of other forms of progress. In every way the people of the Protectorate are improving their condition.

#### Slaves Who can be Free

Life is safer throughout all this populous region than it used to be; law is established everywhere, though the native customs are respected, and native courts are recognised; and slavery is being abolished without upsetting the management of the country.

That needs a little explanation. Every Nigerian child born since the year 1900 is born free, and every man in the land can claim his freedom and have it if he wishes. But all do not claim it, and the effects of a gradual change from slavery are good.

Formerly slavery was everywhere, in each household, and was accepted as natural, but the effects of suddenly altering all the habits of the people would have been disastrous, whereas permitted freedom has enabled the change to be made quietly, and has suited all.

#### Blessings for Backward People

Both servants and masters are learning the value of freedom and adopting it willingly, and the only slaves are the older people who remain attached to the households they have always lived in, and wish to continue with as old servants under the care of the family. There is no slave trade any longer, and there are no unwilling slaves.

So, gradually, largely through the wise influence of Sir Frederick Lugard, Nigeria has become free, united, and prosperous. Already it has 1110 miles of railway, and 430 miles are being laid down. Its trade in palm oil, kernels, cocoa, ground nuts, hides, and skins is steadily increasing. Its people are becoming law-abiding, and the country is rising into importance—the latest example of the blessings brought to a backward people by civilisation under sympathetic British guidance.



## BIRDS BEGIN TO SING

### The Turkey in the Farm-yard

#### WILD GEESE FLY NORTH

By Our Country Correspondent

The birds are everywhere showing signs of increased activity, and by their sounds and behaviour we can see that the nesting season is fast approaching.

The turkey cock is strutting about the farmyard, gobbling in what seems a very ridiculous manner. This curious gulping sound which he makes in his throat corresponds to the songs of the smaller birds, and is the best attempt he can make at music.

The turkey is not a native of the United Kingdom, although it has become so acclimatised as to appear almost like one. Despite its name, it came to us, not from Turkey, but from America, sometime early in the 16th century.

#### Heron's Graceful Flight

Anything strange and outlandish in those days used to be called Turkish, hence the descriptive title of the bird. It has quite taken the place at table of the roast swan and peacock that were formerly favourites with the wealthy.

Hérons are now congregating in their heronries, and building their large nests in the tops of tall trees not far from the water. Occasionally they will build on rocks and ruins. A little later the hen birds will lay from three to five greenish-blue eggs.

The heron in flight is a very graceful bird, though it rises clumsily from the ground. But once up, it flies very swiftly, and the legs trail out behind. Of course it preys on fish, and is shot where owners desire to preserve their fishing, but, where that is not a consideration, the bird should be encouraged, for it is one of our few large wild birds.

#### Cooing of the Stock-dove

Rooks are building in earnest now, and the stock-dove's cooing may be heard, something like a low grunt. The bird occurs very rarely in Scotland and Ireland, but is common in the south and east of England, and also in the Midlands. It is very much like the ringdove in plumage, but is smaller and bluer.

Not only are our resident birds thinking about nesting and bringing up families, but the migrants from the north that have spent the winter with us are, also getting like-minded, and now that the weather is milder are beginning to return to their northern nesting sites. It is quite usual at this time of year to see flocks of wild geese on the way back to what may be termed their homes.

#### Ladybird Goes for a Walk

A welcome sign of spring is the appearance of the ladybird, and the species with seven spots on its elytra, or wing-cases, is generally seen first. This little beetle, with its relations, is not only attractive in appearance, but, as most of us know, is among the very best friends of man, for it feeds upon aphids, or green-fly, and saves every year probably millions of pounds' worth of food in different parts of the world.

The flowers are beginning to appear in ever-increasing numbers. Lilac, marsh marigold, and whitlow grass should all be looked for this week, and it is particularly interesting to notice the small green blossoms of the mistletoe, which at the end of the year will have become white waxen berries. C. R.

#### NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Plant out lettuce from frames, and sow both cabbage and cos varieties on a south border. Sow the main crop of parsnips in drills one and a half inches deep and eighteen inches apart. Hol-low-crowned, and Tender and True are considered the best.

Sow seeds of parsley in a bed; the curled sorts make a neat edging. Edge grass walks, sweep and roll lawns, and make all tidy. When the weather is favourable finish digging shrubbery borders, and prune evergreens that may require it.

## ORANG-UTANG AS A CARPENTER



An orang-utang at the Zoo trying to open his cage with a tool he made out of a piece of wire

### What Animals Do in the Melbourne Zoo

THE question whether an animal uses tools is answered in a letter to the Editor by Mr. Dudley Le Souef, Director of the Zoological Gardens in Melbourne, Australia. Mr. Le Souef has been reading a note in My Magazine that asked, "Do Chimpanzees use tools?" and sends us these examples.

The orang-utang certainly does. Should repairs be needed in the house of an orang which we have had in the Melbourne Zoological Gardens for fifteen years, and the carpenters happen to leave their tools about where she can use them, she does her best to imitate what she has seen them do.

Then, again, all orangs distinctly know the use of a lever. That has been written on by Dr. Hornaday, Director of the Bronx Zoological Park, New York, and we find the same thing frequently at Melbourne.

Give the orang, say, an iron bar, and she will look round for a place where she can

use it as a lever on the bars of her cage, and will not rest until she has done all the damage she can.

Therefore I think these animals, and probably chimpanzees, and very likely gorillas, frequently use things they may come across as tools. Also buzzards are said to drop clods of earth or stones on emus' eggs to break them, so that they can eat the contents.

To these illustrations from Australia may be added the selection by the thrush of a hard, fixed, suitable stone on which to break a snail shell. What is the stone but a tool, used in a state of rest for a deliberate and well-understood purpose?

Having found a stone useful for its purpose the thrush will bring to it a snail shell from a considerable distance to be cracked. So there is no chance in the selection, but a deliberate choice.

#### NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY

The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moon-rise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is Nature's time-table next week, given for London from February 29. Black figures indicate next morning.

#### Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Tuesday	Friday
Sunrise ..	6.50 a.m.	6.46 a.m.	6.39 a.m.
Sunset ..	5.36 p.m.	5.40 p.m.	5.45 p.m.
Moonrise ..	12.45 p.m.	3.15 p.m.	7.0 p.m.
Moonset ..	4.27 a.m.	5.32 a.m.	6.45 a.m.
High Tide..	9.49 p.m.	12.5 p.m.	2.33 p.m.

Next Week's Moon

#### LAST MONTH'S WEATHER

LONDON	RAINFALL
Hours of sun .. 27	London .. ins. 2.58
Hours of rain .. 60.6	Torquay .. .. 6.33
Wet days .. 21	Cardiff .. .. 6.17
Dry days .. 10	Edinburgh .. 2.35
Warmest day .. 12th	Fort William .. 15.86
Coldest day .. 7th	Dublin .. .. 4.29

#### ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



Le miroir · Le boulanger · Le pot  
La fillette se regarde dans le miroir  
Le boulanger fait le pain pour demain  
Ce pot est plein d'eau fraîche

#### UN PAUVRE MALADE

Un jeune homme, visitant un-village, aperçut devant la porte d'une chaumière un vieillard qui se chauffait au soleil. Il s'approcha de lui et lui dit :

"Quel âge avez-vous donc ?"  
"J'ai 90 ans, jeune homme."  
"C'est un bel âge, et avec votre santé vous passerez la centaine."

"Ah !" dit le vieillard en soupirant, "j'ai été bien malade il y a trois ans."  
"C'est fort regrettable. Et qu'est-ce que vous avez eu ?"

"J'ai eu mal aux dents."  
"C'est bien fait ! Ça vous apprendra à avoir des dents à votre âge."

## WHAT THE WORLD IS MADE OF

### Marvels of Matter

#### AMAZING TRUTH ABOUT SMALL THINGS

SOME WONDERS OF MATTER. By Rev. J. E. Mercer, D.D. (S.P.C.K.) 5s. net.

Dr. Mercer has been very successful in telling his readers, in simple language, what the latest studies of men of science have discovered about the matter of which the universe is composed.

He leads up gradually to the study of the atom and its electrons, as they are revealed in radium and other fine elements that partly make up the earth.

The book is equally charming in its choice of subjects, its clear explanations, and the fine spirit, shining with love of truth, in which great wonders of science are presented to us. Here are some of the facts cleverly brought out in this excellent little volume.

#### Great Things and Small

The moon is 240,000 miles away, but the most powerful telescopes enable us to see it as if it were only 50 miles away.

We can see 6000 stars with our unaided eyes. With an opera glass we can see 120,000. With a small telescope we can see 1,000,000. With a large telescope we may see 100,000,000.

By the aid of a microphone the tread of a fly may be made to sound like the tramp of a regiment of cavalry.

Suppose you look at something one inch long. Then imagine that inch stretching and stretching and stretching till it is three miles long. That difference is the same as the difference between seeing with our unaided eye, and seeing through the most powerful microscope.

One grain of musk will scent a large room for twenty years by sending off particles all over the room all the time, and yet the grain would appear no less, so small are the particles.

A quarter of the air is made up of oxygen, and also four-fifths of the sea.

The weight of the air above us is as great as if we were living under an ocean of water 34 feet deep.

#### Millions of Centuries

But now take these facts concerning a drop of water and a bulb of air. If the atoms in a drop of water were magnified to the size of a large marble, the drop would be as big as the whole globe of our earth. If you manage to grasp this illustration of the drop of water, you will be prepared for a statement which is apparently still more staggering, though really it amounts to the same thing.

For the purpose of making certain very famous experiments, Sir William Crookes used little glass bulbs emptied of air. If a hole were bored in such a bulb the air would begin to stream through. The air, of course, consists of atoms. Suppose the hole were so tiny as to be hardly a hole at all, but, even so, big enough to let a hundred million atoms through every second. The little bulb would not be filled in four million centuries.

A great little book, indeed, is it that tells us things like these; and wondrous is the stuff the earth is made of.

#### A FORTUNE FOR A BULL

It must be difficult for farmers in the Midland Karroo, Cape Colony, to find things to grumble at under present conditions. A member of the Over-Seas Club states that £5000 is not an unusual price for Friesland bulls, and that a friend of his sold a cow for £3000, and another a Merino lamb for £1400, while wool is fetching up to 5s. per pound unwashed.

#### A MAN WITH A NAME

The British Resident at Brunei, an island of the Malay group in the Pacific, has conferred a title of distinction on Pengiran Anak Abdulrahman ibni Almerham Pengiran Muda Omar Ali. We should not like to call him in a hurry.



# THE UNKNOWN TRAIL

A Tale of Terror and Adventure in the Sunless Depths of the Amazon Forest

Told by  
Edward  
Wright

## What Has Happened Before

Ted Lanaway, a Sea-Scout, is one of a British exploration party on a mysterious river in the Amazon Forest.

His father, Colonel Lanaway, is in charge, and with him are three naval officers and some Tupi Red Indians.

Ted's inseparable companion is Manco, a Quichuan Red Indian, whom he had rescued from the Tupis. Together they are sent forward in a launch, and are caught in the rapids and swept over. The Flyaway, as their launch is called, is fitted with adjustable wings, which they bring into action, but they make a bad landing, and Manco is injured.

Manco mysteriously disappears shortly after, and while Ted is searching for him in the forest he is captured by a band of Indians.

## CHAPTER 3

### The Queen of Mystery

THE Red Indians unwound their bolas from Ted. He rose on his feet, but they threw him down again, tied him up, and left him on the grass. One man remained to watch over him, while the others cautiously moved towards the motor boat, stormed it, and found it empty.

A man in a red-feathered head-dress came back and looked at the English boy.

"Shall I kill him?" asked the watching Indian.

"He is too good to kill," said the chief. "Look at his wonderful hair and his white-and-red face. No wandering Tupi we have caught this time. The queen will be able to hold a festival, and make a sacrifice to the Sun."

Ted understood all that was said, for the man spoke in Quichuan.

"Who are you?" said the chief, turning the boy over with his foot. "How did you come here?"

"I am Edward Lanaway, and I came in the Flyaway," replied Ted.

As he spoke in English, his words were without meaning to the Red Indians. Soberly was he tempted to speak Quichuan, and see if his captors were friends of Manco, but, after learning he was in no immediate danger of death, he thought best to keep silent.

He heard the Indians making preparations to return, and discussing whether to let him walk or to carry him. The chief decided he should be carried in a blanket so that he should see nothing.

It was a long way through the lower forest. Ted perspired and half-choked in a thick blanket, until he went to sleep.

He was awakened by a man in a gorgeous dress, with a great round of gold on his head, and precious stones embroidering his white cloak. Behind him were other men in fine attire, and a multitude of girls robed in white, with garlands of gold upon their head.

"Rise up!" said the leader.

Ted stood on his feet, and was glad to find his bonds had been removed. He saw he was in a vast building of a strange kind. In it gold seemed to be used everywhere.

Golden steps led up to a jewelled throne, and Ted was taken up the steps and compelled to kneel before the empty seat. Then, amid wild music and the chanting of the white-robed maids, a little, overweighted figure entered through the golden doors, with a train of armed men about her.

## CHAPTER 4

### Red Hair

SHE was a little girl, apparently about twelve years old, with a fine oval face, light skin, and large dark eyes. On her head was a golden mitre with a band of red feathers; on her body, a

breastplate of gold and a richly-hued mantle sparkling with gems.

She took her seat on the throne, looked at Ted, and he stared at her.

"What a pretty boy!" she exclaimed. "His hair is brighter than sunshine!"

"What is your name?" said the leader of the men, a hard-faced Red Indian with cruel eyes.

"Edward Lanaway," replied Ted in English.

"I cannot understand what he says!" said the little queen impatiently. "Bring me an interpreter!"

No one came forward.

"Mighty lady," said her captain, "this strange boy is not a Christian. He speaks neither of the Christian tongues of the east and west, but comes from some place far over the great seas. The Amautas have considered his case, and they counsel you to offer him to the Sun to win the favour of heaven for us in the great struggle."

"But he is so handsome," said the queen. "I like him, and I have no one to play with. Look at his beautiful hair!"

She ran her little fingers through Ted's head. As Ted had not had a hair-cut for more than a month, his curls were beginning to fall to his shoulders; but it was more than he could stand to let a strange little girl play with his mop.

"You leave my hair alone!" he cried, speaking for the first time in Quichuan, and rising to his feet.

The little queen gave a shriek. Some of her armed men closed about her, and her savage commander lifted a mace and tried to brain Ted.

But Ted could box. His foot-work had recently improved in practice with his father. He ducked under the swing of the mace, swerved from a spear-thrust, and then caught the Indian commander round the knees, as he could not reach his chin, and toppled him over.

"Don't hurt the little boy! Don't hurt him!" cried the queen.

Ted had recovered his good humour, and was laughing over the prostrate figure of the huge commander. He held out a hand to help him to rise, but the angry man took no notice of Ted. His glaring eyes plainly said that he would have killed the boy had he been allowed.

"Ollantay, stand aside!" rang the girlish voice of the queen.

The grim-faced commander obeyed, and the English boy was again left free to talk to the lovely little girl on the throne.

"Who are you?" said Ted, breaking every rule of etiquette, as the horrified looks of all the multitude showed.

"I am the Queen of the Amazons," said the girl. "My name is Joy Star. What is your name? And where do you come from?"

Ted did his best to explain that he came from a distant island called England, and that his name was Edward Lanaway.

"You are not telling me the truth," she said. "You did not come from an island. You have flown down from the Sun. You have hair of flame, and cheeks of flame. You are a child of the Sun, like me. You must marry me, and we will rule the kingdom together."

"Great lady, you cannot marry this stranger!" exclaimed Ollantay.

"His tale is true. Our spies have seen flying boats on the big river, and if we do not sacrifice this boy to the Sun and begin the war, his people will invade the kingdom and destroy it."

"He must be sacrificed!" shouted all the Inca warriors.

The girl queen rose from her throne. A ray of sunshine from a window struck on her royal mitre. All the people fell on their faces. Ted alone remained standing. Somebody fiercely pulled him down. No one could stand in the Kingdom of the Sun when the queen rose to deliver sentence.

"The strange boy shall not be a sacrifice," said Joy calmly. "He shall abide in the palace and teach my people how to work his wonderful boat."

She beckoned to Ted to rise and come forward, and then walked out of the golden door, followed by her councillors and maids.

## CHAPTER 5

### Poisoned Arrows

WITH the royal retinue Ted walked from the great Inca temple to a fortified palace on the hilltop.

"Now tell all about yourself," said the queen, leading Ted to a window-seat overlooking the terrace.

Ted described, as best he could, his life in Norfolk, with his school-days brightened by his work as a Sea-Scout.

"Oh, you had hundreds of companions to play with!" said Joy. "I have never had a playmate. I often wish I were not a queen!"

"How long have you been a queen?" said Ted admiringly.

"Nearly three years," said the girl. "My mother died when I was a baby, and my father, who brought me up, was killed. Now my uncle looks after me, but he goes away on long journeys. I watch the boys and girls playing, and wish I could join them."

thought it was his old companion, Manco, and called out to him.

"Is that you, Ted?" came the answer in English.

The colonel ran forward to greet his son, but drew a revolver when he saw the multitude of followers.

"It's all right, Dad," said the boy. "They are friends of mine. I've got a swaggy job in the greatest palace you ever saw. There is a little girl queen. But how did you get here?"

"Same way as you did, sonny," said the colonel. "That Manco of yours came back with his head bleeding, and managed to explain about the flight over the waterfall, so I flew it in the other boat. Made a better descent than you did."

"Good old Manco!" said Ted. "I knew he wouldn't let me down. Where is the old chap?"

"He came with me," said the colonel, "but I cannot find him. Now what is this yarn about queens and Incas?"

While his men were sawing down poles with which to lift the Flyaway from the mud, Ted and his father got into the second motor-boat, and began to work her down the river.

"I will come back in the morning," said Ted to the chief man.

He told the story of his adventures while the colonel steered the boat down-stream into the new forest tunnel. The water-way was fairly clear, but the voyage was perilous owing to jaguars and snakes waiting on trees by the river-edge.

"More like a menagerie than a forest," said the colonel, using his revolver until he had spent all his



A man in a red-feathered head-dress came back and looked at the English boy

"But you are queen," said Ted. "Cannot you do as you like?"

"I am the daughter of the Sun," said Joy rather sadly. "Of all the sacred Incas, I and my uncle alone remain. The life of all my people depends on me. You must guard me until my uncle returns."

"I could help you if I had my boat," said Ted. "But it would take twenty men to get it out of the mud."

"Bring the wonder-boat at once," said Joy, clapping her hands at the thought of having it as a sort of big toy. "You shall have two hundred men to help you."

The chief who had captured the English lad guided the party through the track in the forest.

It was night, with a clear sky of stars and a rising moon, when Ted and the Inca tribesmen reached the open country. A fire was glowing by the solitary mora tree. Ted

ammunition. But the blaze of the headlight saved the voyagers. As day was breaking, the Englishman and his son emerged on the wide curve of water below the hill city. All the place seemed asleep.

"I'll rouse 'em," said Ted, setting two Klaxon horns going.

He expected faces would appear at the windows of the palace, giving him a joyful welcome. Instead, there came a shower of arrows from a group of archers under the temple wall, as the colonel brought the boat alongside the marble quay.

"They've got me, Ted!" cried Lanaway.

He fell down with an arrow deep in his chest. Ted knelt beside him to help. It was well he did so, for he could hear more arrows rattling against the boat and viciously whizzing overhead.

TO BE CONTINUED

## Five-Minute Story

### THE STRANGER

WINTER sat in his dark house, the house full of shadows, thinking of his great deeds.

Outside the wind moaned in the bare branches of the trees, and every little bird was silent and a-cold.

But the sighing of the wind pleased Winter better than birds' songs, and he smiled grimly.

A little sunbeam danced into the cold, dark house, and Winter started up angrily as the door opened gently, and a youth entered the room.

He was tall and slender; his hair was of pale sunshiny gold, and the soft flush on his cheeks was as beautiful as the dawn creeping over the eastern sky on a clear morning.

"How dare you enter?" cried Winter. "It is not time!"

"Ah, Winter! You are always loth to depart; but it is now my turn."

"Your turn? What can you do? Not breathe upon a river and turn it into ice as I can!"

"Nay, I breathe upon the ice and turn it into a river."

"I bid the waterfall stand still!"

"And I, with one touch, send it leaping once more down the mountain side."

"I shake my hoary head," said Winter, "and the whole world is white and cold."

"And I shake my golden head, and a thousand sunbeams dance and melt your white world," replied the youth.

"I say to the birds, Leave me! and they spread their wings and fly south. I say to others, Sing no more! and they are silent."

"I say, Little birds, come back! and behold the trees are full of them; and I say, Little birds, sing! and the world is full of music."

"Even the leaves fear me," cried Winter. "When I touch them with my icy breath they fall to the ground in fear and trembling."

"When I touch them they tremble with gladness," said the youth.

And so they talked until the old man grew bent and weary; but the youth younger every moment.

The light grew brighter, and more sunbeams found their way into the dark house.

Suddenly the youth flung open the door and cried, "Come little birds," and, while Winter hid his face, from every tree-top burst a spring song.

Then Winter, old, bent, and conquered, crept over the threshold without a word of farewell; and where he stepped there were little cold snowflakes.

The youth knelt down and touched them, and behold they were snowflakes no longer, but little, tender, white snowdrops—the first blossoms of Spring, and the only flowers that can remember the rough step and icy breath of cold old Winter.





# There is Ever a Song Somewhere, My Dear

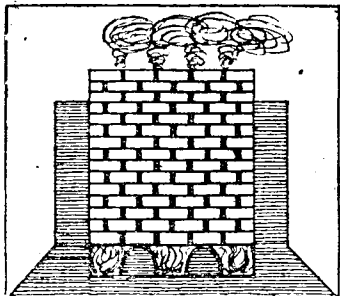


## DI MERRYMAN

"I WANT a pound of butter."  
"The best?"  
"What was the last I had?"  
"The best."  
"Give me a pound of the other."

### PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How are Bricks Baked?



They are placed in stacks with a small space between the bricks, and fires are lighted underneath. The heat then circulates freely, and bakes the bricks.

WHAT does the mouse trap?  
What it sees the linnet.

### A Goose's Reason

A GOOSE, my grand-dame one day said,  
Entering a barn, pops down its head.  
I begged her then the cause to show;  
She told me she must waive the task,  
For nothing but a goose would ask  
What nothing but a goose could know.

"It's very fascinating to watch a bill-poster at work in a high wind," remarked an observant man.  
"So it is," answered his friend.  
"After witnessing a performance like that I wonder why it ever seemed so troublesome for me to stick a stamp on a letter."

### Is Your Name Strong?

STRONG is one of those surnames like Large, Little, Small, Young, Senior, Armstrong, and so on that denoted physical characteristics.

These were no doubt nicknames in the first place, given to ancestors of the present holders, and then later they became the regular surnames of families.

THERE was a young lady of Clewer  
Who rode on a bike, but it threw her;

A butcher came by  
And said, "Miss, don't cry,"  
And he fastened her on with a skewer.

### Three Nines are Twenty

CAN you write three nines in such a way that they represent twenty?

Solution next week

### Do You Live in Dorset?

DORSET is generally believed to mean a settlement among the thorns, and is, no doubt, a reference to the former character of that county. Some scholars, however, believe that the name comes from a chief named Durotriges, who lived in that part.

### Mary's Black Lamb

MARY had a little lamb,  
His fleece was black as soot,  
And into Mary's bread and jam  
His sooty foot he put.

"I've read that the first man who ever carried an umbrella in the streets was mobbed."  
"By people who wanted to be the first to borrow it, I suppose?"

### Anagram

WHAT should be put on a bird's tail to catch it without a steel trap? The answer is an anagram on the words in *italics*.

Solution next week

I KNOW an old man in Durazzo,  
I've never known anyone chazzo.  
From the time he's begun  
Till the moment he's done,  
I can only say, "Really, is thazzo?"

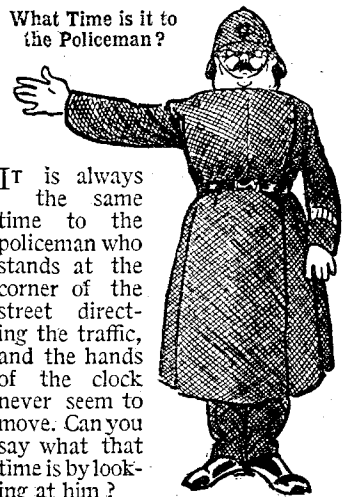
### Queer Figure Puzzle

TAKE 10, double it, deduct 10, and 8 remains. How can this be?  
The explanation is that you write 10 over 10, so close that the two 1's become a big 1 and the two 0's an 8. Then 10 from 18 leaves 8.

IN which month does an M.P. talk the least?

In February, because it has only 28 or 29 days.

What Time is it to the Policeman?



IT is always the same time to the policeman who stands at the corner of the street directing the traffic, and the hands of the clock never seem to move. Can you say what that time is by looking at him?

Answer next week

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### What are These Things?

The part of a sewing-machine that holds down the work where the needle passes through; and the wire of an electric lamp.

Curious Sentence Ink sinks in.

## A Narrow Escape for Jacko

As lessons were beginning one morning the Master clapped his hands over his pockets, and said:

"Dear me! I have left my glasses on the library table. Run, Jacko, and fetch them for me!"

Up jumped Jacko, mighty pleased at any sort of excuse to get out of the school-room for five minutes, and away he ran.

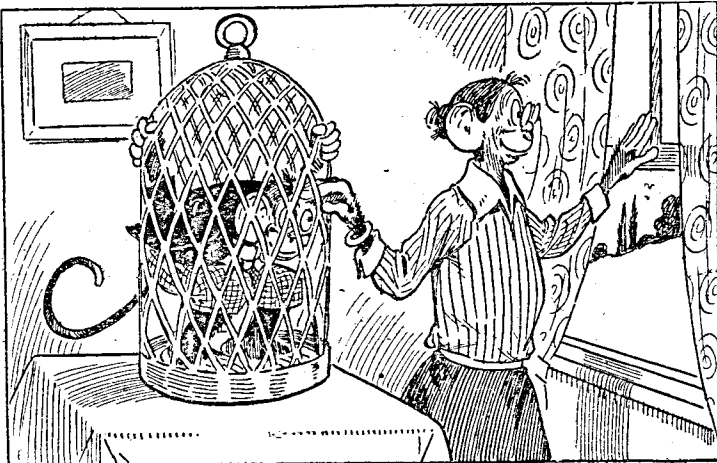
As he reached the library he heard a strange noise, and when he put his head in, something squeaked,

"Go away! Go away! Get your hair cut!"

On the table stood a cage with a big green parrot in it.

Jacko grinned and went up to it.

"I wonder where you come from?" he said. "I suppose you belong to the old lady"—the old lady being the Master's



"Polly! Polly! How's my pretty Polly?" she said.

aunt, who had come to pay him a visit. "It's a jolly shame to keep you shut up," and he began fiddling with the door.

The bird jerked his head across and pecked sharply at Jacko's fingers.

"Drop that!" cried Jacko. And he drew his hand away.

He must have loosened the fastening, for the door swung back, and out hopped the bird. The window was open, and away he flew. Just then Jacko heard a strange voice.

"It's the old lady!" he muttered in an awful whisper. "And she's coming here! Shan't I get it when she finds her Beaky gone! What on earth shall I do? I know!" and, springing on to the table, he opened the cage door, and squeezed inside.

In came the old lady.

"Polly! Polly! How's my pretty Polly?" she said, and while she arranged the curtain at the window with one hand, she put the other inside the cage, and affectionately scratched Jacko's head!

"Go away! Go away! Get your hair cut!" screamed Jacko.

"Naughty Polly! Rude Polly!" said the old lady, who was very near-sighted, and she walked away.

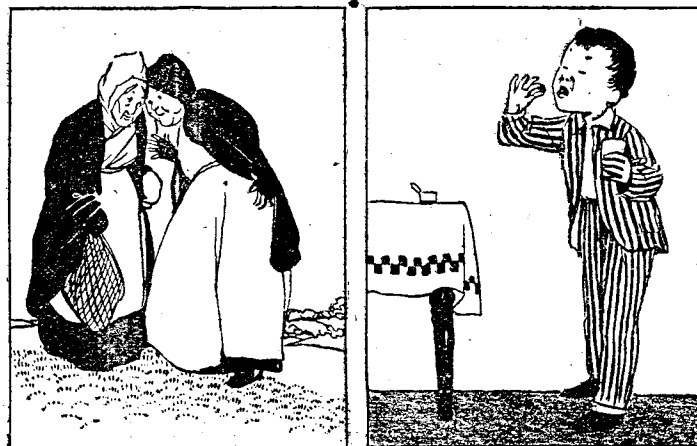
Five minutes later, when he had captured the truant, Jacko slid quietly back into his seat.

"Where are my glasses?" said the Master sternly.

Jacko looked up quickly. He had clean forgotten the glasses. Suddenly he began to grin.

"On your nose, sir," he said. They had been there all the time!

## A Picture Lesson in Geography



Do you know what English villages these pictures represent? Solutions next week

### Who Was He?

## The Brave Potter

A YEAR after the Spanish Armada was beaten, an old man of 80 died in the Bastille, in Paris, where he had been kept a close prisoner for four years on account of his religious opinions.

He was a great artist, not a painter but a potter, a maker of beautiful enamelled dishes and vases; and after serving the royal family for 45 years he was at last cast into prison.

Practically nothing is known about his boyhood, save that he had no schooling. "I have had no other books than those of heaven and earth, which are open to all," he once said.

However, he learned to paint on glass, and when he was 18 set out wandering over France, earning a living by painting and repairing the windows of cathedrals, churches and castles. He was very modest, and expressed the opinion that people thought he painted better than he really did.

At last one day an old cup came into his hands, and it changed his whole life. The cup was beautifully enamelled, an art known only to certain Italians and Germans. He determined that he would discover the secret, and henceforth gave his life and all he had to this quest.

He knew nothing about plays or pottery, and simply groped in the dark, neglecting all other pursuits, risking health and life in the search.

He built a furnace in which to bake his pots, spent all his money and sold most of his property for fuel, and then began to burn his furniture to keep the furnace going. His wife was in despair, and his neighbours mocked at him, but he went on.

For sixteen years he persevered, amid the greatest privations. On one occasion to keep the fire burning he chopped up the doors of his wife's bedroom.

At last one day a broken piece of pottery came out of the furnace with a hard, white, shining surface. The potter's joy knew no bounds: it was the beginning of success. At last triumph crowned his efforts, and then he was sought after eagerly by kings and princes who wanted his help in adorning their palaces.

He finally set up his pottery in the palace of the French king, and produced the most beautiful vessels, which are now worth hundreds of pounds. There, for years, he lived, and was protected even during the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew.

His story is a romance of perseverance, and it is good to know that he lived to achieve success. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

Last Week's Name—Rosa Bonheur



## NEWSPAPER NOTES AND QUERIES

**What is an Irade?** An irade is a decree of the Turkish Government, corresponding somewhat with a British Order in Council.

**What is a Nihilist?** A Nihilist was originally a term coined by the Russian novelist Turgeneff for a Russian anarchist. It means literally a "nothing-ist," and refers to the creed of Nihilists, who wanted to overthrow all government. Of late years it was used to describe Russian democrats who wanted to overthrow absolute rule.

**What is the Bundesrath?** The Bundesrath, before the war, was the Upper House of the German Imperial Parliament, and consisted of 58 members representing the 26 States of the Empire, the Imperial Chancellor being President. The Reichstag was the Lower House.

**What does L.G.B. mean?** The initials L.G.B. stand for Local Government Board, the Government Department that deals with all matters concerning local government.



The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

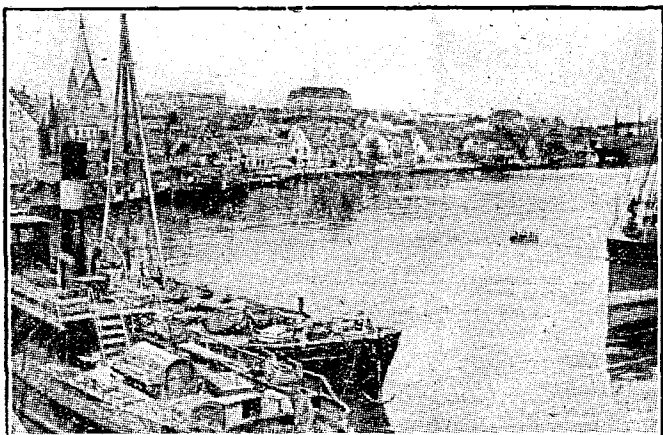
# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 28, 1920

Every Friday, 1d.

Postage of the Children's Newspaper is 1d. anywhere; a year's postal subscription is 8s. 8d. A year's postal subscription to its monthly companion, My Magazine, is: British Isles 14s.; Canada, 12s.; elsewhere, 13s. 6d. In South Africa, Canada, and Australasia all subscriptions must go through the agents given below.

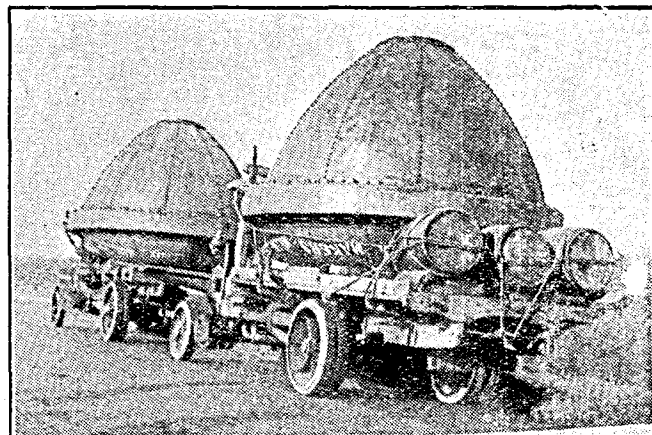
## CITY CHANGES HANDS · MACHINE THAT LIFTS TREES · PARLIAMENT OF MAN



City returned to its rightful owners—Flensburg, the capital of Slesvig, the province conquered by the Prussians in 1864, which has now voted itself back to Denmark. See page two



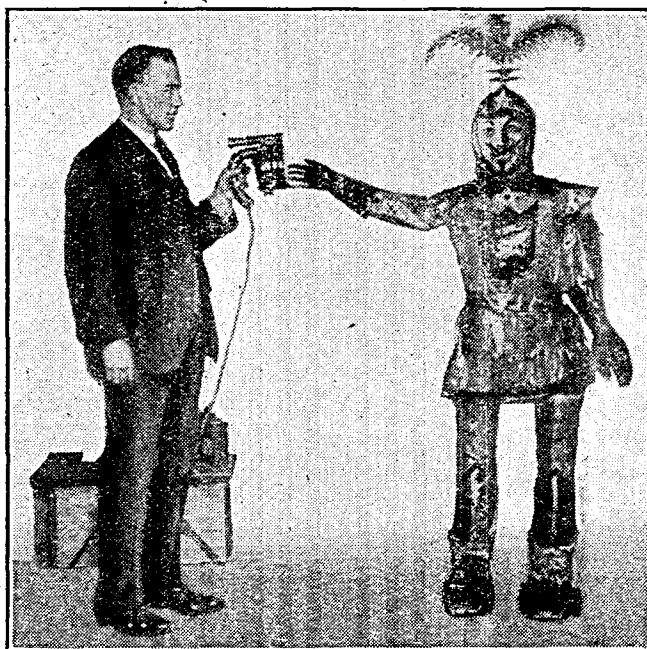
Bravest man of the year—Lieutenant Grey, awarded Stanhope medal for saving an officer from drowning, though wounded himself



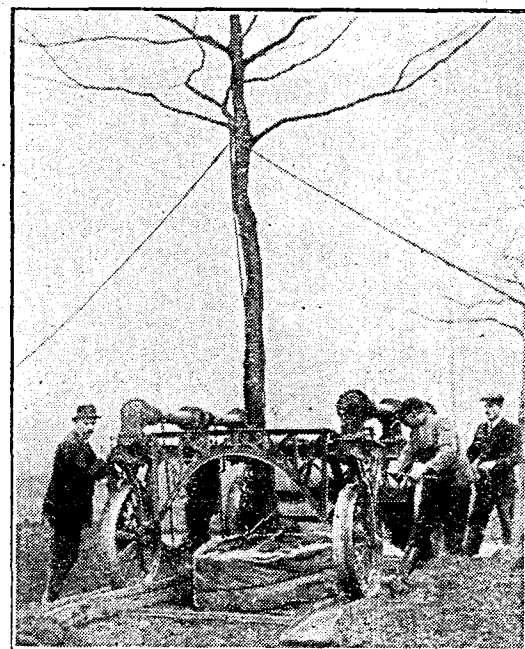
Life-savers for the sea—These strange metal objects are not mines to destroy life, but buoys to warn mariners at dangerous points on our coasts



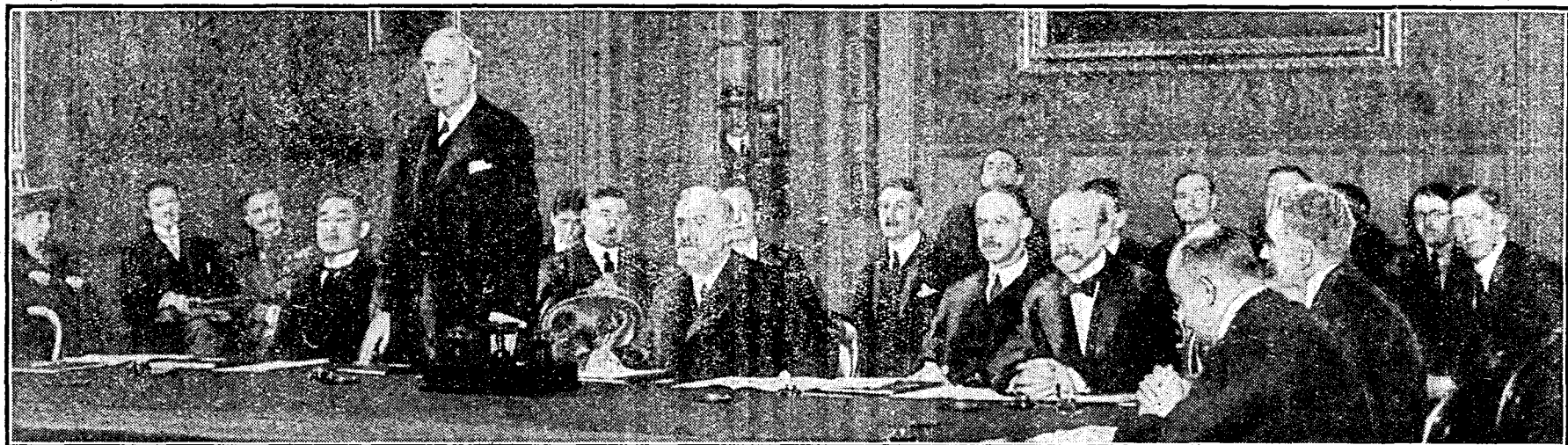
Waiting for the rain to stop—A small boy out for an airing with his pet rabbit, overtaken by a shower in a London suburb



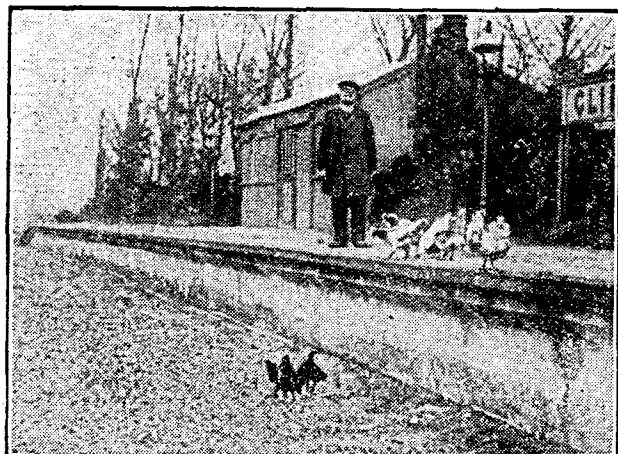
The Kaiser's place in the sun—A wonderful figure of the Kaiser made by Captain Roberts, who causes the arms to move and the legs to walk by means of light waves



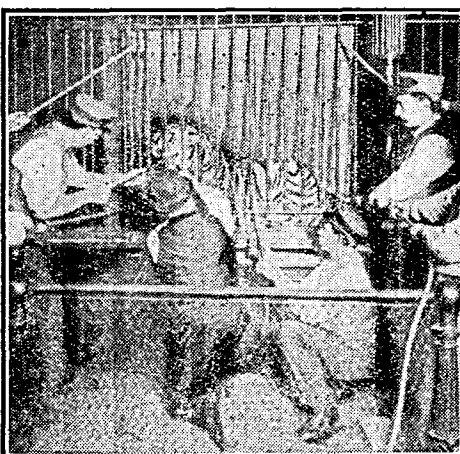
Tree-lifting machine—Now being used in St. James's Park to move big trees. It digs them up, carries them off, and replants them



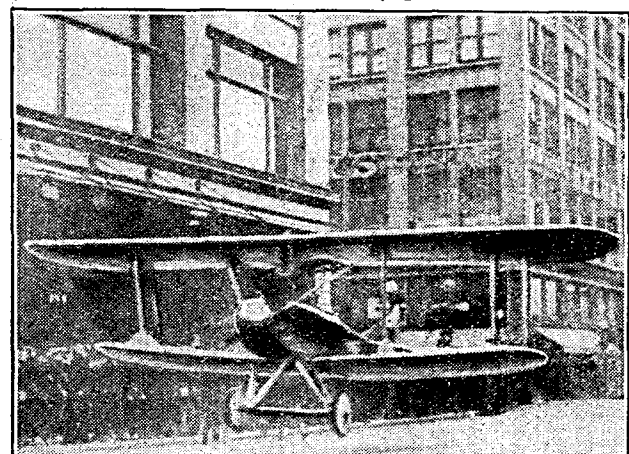
First meeting of the League of Nations in St. James's Palace, London—Mr. Balfour, the British representative, was elected chairman, and the delegates of seven other countries were present—France, Italy, Belgium, Spain, Greece, Japan, Brazil. Unfortunately, America was not represented. See page three



A stationmaster waiting for his railway lines—These were taken from Cliddesden to France for use in the War, and have not yet been returned to England



The dentist pulls out a tiger's tooth in an American Zoo—The animal was drawn by a large board to the front of the cage



An American airman's wonderful feat—He brought his aeroplane down safely in the street at Oakland, California, while the pavements were crowded with people